

SECOND COPY,

In this Number— GOING TO WAR IN CHINA, By Frederick Palmer

COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL. TWENTY-FIVE NO. 21

NEW YORK AUGUST 25 1900

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNDER FIRE IN TIEN-TSIN



PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

DURING THE BOMBARDMENT (OF JULY 5) ADMIRAL SEYMOUR HAPPENED TO BE GOING THE ROUNDS OF THE DEFENCES JUST AS I WAS CROSSING THE PONTOON BRIDGE. HE CAME THROUGH A HOLE MADE IN THE ROUNDHOUSE BY A CHINESE SHELL. AFTER THE ADMIRAL CAME A PART OF THE BRITISH-CHINESE REGIMENT. THIS WAS GAME WORTH BAGGING, AND THE CHINESE GUNNERS SENT SOME SHELLS AFTER THEIR COUNTRYMEN FROM SHANTUNG. I HAD JUST SAT DOWN TO CHAT WITH ONE OF THE OFFICERS IN COMMAND OF THE HONG KONG NATIVE REGIMENT, WHEN BANG-SMASH! WENT A SHELL THROUGH THE WALL, AND FRAGMENTS OF SHELL AND BRICK WERE DRIVEN THROUGH THE TIN ROOF, ALREADY AS FULL OF HOLES AS A PEPPER COVER. THEN, ON TOP OF THE OTHER, BANG-SMASH! CAME A SECOND IN NEARLY THE SAME SPOT. . . . WE HAD STARTED BACK TO TOWN, WHEN CRACK-UNG! SPLIT THE AIR OVER OUR HEADS AND THRIZ-Z-Z! THE FRAGMENTS FLEW ABOUT. THERE WAS A TRENCH AT OUR FEET, AND WE DROPPED INTO IT WITHOUT STOPPING FOR CONSULTATION."—(See "Going to War in China," PAGE 3)



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL PAGE

P.F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS
EDITORIAL and GENERAL OFFICES 521-547 West Thirteenth Street 518-524 West Fourteenth Street NEW YORK CITY



VOLUME TWENTY-FIVE
NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

NEW YORK, AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH, 1900

ON SALE AT ALL NEWS-STANDS PRICE TEN CENTS
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$5.20 PER YEAR

THE ALASKAN CONCESSION

THE TEMPORARY concession to Canada under a *modus vivendi* of a strip of territory in Alaska about equal in area to Rhode Island has excited so much adverse criticism that the Administration will have to abandon the intention, if it ever cherished one, of embodying the same or a similar concession hereafter in a treaty. It is evident that no such treaty could pass the Senate. Our title to the boundary, as hitherto claimed by us, is believed to be so perfect that public opinion would not even tolerate the submission of it to arbitration. It is unfortunate for Secretary Hay that, in this matter, as well as in his proposed amendment of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, he should have laid himself open to the charge of over complaisance to Great Britain. He evidently holds that we are under great obligation to the British Government for the position which it took during our war with Spain, and that we shall continually need its cooperation for the purpose of promoting our common interests in China. For these reasons, he is not unwilling to make, what seems to him, apparently, a trivial concession on the Alaska frontier. The same motives led him to avoid the official expression of any sympathy for the Boers. He will ultimately discover, we think, that the alleged obligations to Great Britain are not recognized by the mass of his countrymen, and that the pro-British attitude of our State Department is regarded with intense and widespread disfavor.

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION

IT IS WITH no little interest that Americans will watch the approaching contest at the ballot-box in the Dominion of Canada between the Liberals under Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Conservatives under Sir Charles Tupper. There are, of course, some minor issues, such as the school question in Manitoba, and the alleged corrupt conduct of certain by-elections, but the general election seems likely to turn on the issue raised by Sir Charles Tupper, who contends that it is practicable to secure a preference for Canadian products in the markets of Great Britain, but who holds that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is disqualified for the accomplishment of such a result, because, first, when in England, he advised Englishmen never to renounce their free-trade policy, and, secondly, he deprived Canadians of the power of offering a *quid pro quo*, when he made a gratuitous concession to British manufacturers by admitting their wares into Canada at rates thirty-three per cent less than those imposed upon similar commodities from other countries. It is very doubtful whether Sir Charles Tupper can convince the Canadian people that they ever had a chance of securing a preference for their food staples in Great Britain, and, of course, if they never had a chance, Sir Wilfrid Laurier cannot be accused of throwing it away. If we may judge from a speech made recently by Lord Salisbury, there is not the faintest possibility that Great Britain, under any circumstances, would give Canadian products a preference over those of the United States and other food purveyors.

BEGINNING OF THE END IN SOUTH AFRICA

AT THE HOUR when we write, the resistance offered by the Boers to the overwhelming forces arrayed against them by Marshal Roberts seems on the verge of extinction. Several thousand men under General Prinsloo have surrendered in the Orange Free State, and it is scarcely possible that the Transvaal burghers under General De Wet can long escape a similar fate. The Salisbury Government did not divulge, before Parliament adjourned, its intentions concerning the treatment of the conquered republic. We presume that, during the recess, its programme will be made known. From the fact that Lord Roberts has been ordered to insist upon unconditional surrender, and has, in no case, been suffered to make any stipulations or promises regarding the future, we infer that, for a time at least, both the South African Republic and the Orange Free State will be strongly garrisoned and treated as Crown Colonies. In his attitude toward the British subjects of Hollander descent in the Cape Colony, who joined the Boers, Mr. Chamberlain has shown much less forbearance and generosity than was exhibited by Lord Durham toward the French-Canadian rebels. He insists that all voters in the Cape Colony, who shall have been convicted of rebellion, shall be disfranchised, and, apparently, his wishes will be carried out by a majority in the popular branch of the Cape Legislature. Time will show whether a vindictive or a conciliatory policy is the wiser. It now looks as if Great Britain would need, for some time to come, to keep as large a body

of white soldiers permanently in South Africa as she keeps in India.

SOCIALISM AND THE ITALIAN SUCCESSION

IT IS QUITE too early to discern what is to be the political effect of King Humbert's assassination. The immediate result of the deed has been somewhat favorable to the Savoyard dynasty, because it has aroused sympathy for the young King, Emmanuel III., who, previously, had been regarded with indifference, and it has strengthened the Saracco Ministry, which, when first organized, seemed likely to prove ephemeral. When the Chamber of Deputies first assembled after the assassination, the Socialists earnestly disclaimed any responsibility for the crime, but their disavowal was received with such a storm of opprobrium that they are unlikely to secure the cooperation of any other groups in the Chamber for some time to come. Theoretically, of course, Socialists and Anarchists have nothing in common; indeed, they are antithetic, the Anarchist carrying individualism to a savage extreme. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that those Anarchists who have ventured to applaud or justify the murder of King Humbert have done so on the ground that he was accountable for the killing of many Socialists in the riot at Milan. From one point of view, indeed, the Anarchists, Socialists and Republicans may be said to have a common aim; to wit, the overthrow of the Savoyard monarchy; but they employ different means, neither Republicans nor Socialists having often had recourse to assassination. There is, assuredly, no semblance of excuse for resorting to such an instrument under a constitutional government like that of Italy, even if we should admit, which we do not, that no other weapon is available in an autocracy like that of Russia.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA

IT IS NOTEWORTHY how completely public interest in the South African War, or even in the assassination of King Humbert, is eclipsed by the anxiety with which news from China is awaited. Never has the harrowing effect of suspense been more strikingly exemplified than in the case of the foreigners at Pekin who have been cooped up in the legations for upward of two months, as to whose fate we were long uncertain, but of whom we knew that, at any hour, they might become the victims of an appalling tragedy. They number, as we learn by a message from Minister Conger, no fewer than eight hundred, including two hundred women and children, and there are three thousand native Christians who are also exposed to massacre. It is obvious that, to convey so large a body in safety from Pekin to Tien-tsin would require the services of a strong escort, and that Admiral Seymour's attempt to rescue the legations at the head of only two thousand men was a foolhardy experiment. There is reason to fear that the allied force now on its way to Pekin may likewise prove inadequate. When it left Tien-tsin it seems to have numbered about fourteen thousand men, but, by the time it reached Yangtsun, it must have been reduced to not more than eleven or twelve thousand effectives. Yangtsun, where the railway crosses the Pei-ho River, is an important strategic point, and it would be needful to leave at least two thousand soldiers to guard it. As other large detachments would be needed to keep open the line of communication between Yangtun and Pekin, not more than a few thousand would remain available for the assault upon the Chinese capital. We are, therefore, inclined to think that the expedition, which includes some two thousand Americans under General Chaffee, besides Japanese, Russians, French and English, was intended to be, primarily, a reconnaissance in force, and that it will not push far beyond Yangtun until it has been materially strengthened. Troops are arriving at Tien-tsin almost every day from Taku, and it should be possible by August 15 to concentrate at Yangtun ten thousand additional soldiers who would take part in the final advance against Pekin. We take for granted that the relief expedition will be supplied with siege guns, for these will undoubtedly be needed for the purpose of effecting a breach in the massive walls of the Tartar city. If our view of the situation is correct, at least ten days must elapse between the occupation of Yangtun and the capture of Pekin.

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE

THESE IS no greater mistake than the exhibition of unfeelingness toward a political opponent. The Republican newspapers are ill advised when they depreciate the speech delivered by Mr. Bryan at Indianapolis in reply to the formal tender of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. We state what we believe to be the secret conviction of all Repub-

licans, who read it, when we say that not a single politician in their own party could have written it. From the viewpoint of argument it was cogent; from a rhetorical viewpoint it was fervent, illuminative and persuasive. Unquestionably, Mr. Bryan is a great orator, probably the greatest alive; that he has no peer in the United States is certain. Voice, presence, gesture, facial expression, all the outward equipment of a master of the spoken word is his; and, even when read, this last speech will be found to answer the definition of eloquence which is deduced from the great models. It appeals at once to the understanding and touches the heart. It is reasoning, fire-tipped with emotion. In any event, this speech, considered as a campaign document, is sure to have a tremendous circulation, and it possibly might turn the scale were it certain that the coming election would pivot upon the issue of Imperialism. When we recall that, in 1844, it was with the utmost difficulty and by a very narrow majority that the people of this country were induced to countenance the annexation of Texas, which was eager to join our confederacy, we can see how hard it would be to induce American voters to saunter the subjugation of the Filipinos against their will, if that were the sole, or even paramount, issue before the country. In endeavoring to make that issue predominant, Mr. Bryan has shown himself to be, what he has not always been credited with being, a sagacious and farsighted politician. The Republicans, on their part, have two issues which it will be hard to thrust aside; to wit, prosperity and the gold standard. It was undoubtedly the all-pervading prosperity of the country which, in 1856, enabled the Democrats to retain possession of the Federal Government by electing James Buchanan. Had the financial crisis of 1857 occurred a year earlier, it is probable that Fremont would have been chosen. Bearing in mind the periodicity of financial crises, we may expect to witness one of them before the expiration of the next Presidential term, and then the Democratic party will have an opportunity of regaining power. As things are now, neither the employers of labor nor the employed desire to bring about a drastic change in the fiscal or monetary policy of the Federal government, lest the foundations of their present well-being should crumble. They do not wish to deserve the epitaph inscribed upon the gravestone of one who had not the good sense to leave well enough alone: "I was well; I wanted to be better; I am here." The hundreds of thousands of citizens who remember how hard it was to make a living during Cleveland's second term are not likely to take any course which involves even the risk of provoking a like industrial stagnation. They are relatively happy now, and they will scarcely listen to the voice of the charmer who pretends that he can make them happier still. Compared with the paramount issue of his own prosperity, the American workingman cares but little about the question whether the Philippines shall be retained or be surrendered. He has his wife and children to look after; they are closer to him than are the Filipinos, and he cannot be profoundly moved by the predicted dangers of a Caesarism, which, in any event, can only threaten distant generations. As for the proposed free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, that was a nostrum which the workingman was inclined to consider in 1896 when he was casting about for something to improve his depressed condition, and ready to accept the suggestions of any charlatan, but now he knows that the gold standard is entirely compatible with high wages and an incessant demand for labor. When the next financial crisis comes, the Free Silverites may have another chance to command their prescription, but we doubt if the Democratic party will consent to be dominated by them again. It will have been noticed that Mr. Bryan, in his speech at Indianapolis, not only acknowledged that he considered Imperialism the paramount issue, and meant to make it so if he could, but had absolutely nothing to say about Free Silver, though he will be forced to discuss that plank and other planks of the Democratic platform in his letter of acceptance. No party leader, however, and no party, can dictate beforehand what shall be the paramount issue in a Presidential election. That is a question which will be determined by the people themselves, and especially by the inhabitants of the doubtful States, in the course of the canvass. When the great mass of workingmen learn, as they soon will learn, that the election of Mr. Bryan would be followed by the stoppage of factories throughout the country, and by an abrupt cessation of the demand for labor, they will make up their minds that their own bread and butter is of more importance to them than the independence of the Filipinos, and they will save their consciences, if any save be needed, by the reflection that, in any event, the form of government given to the Philippines by the United States will be an undeniable improvement upon Spanish rule.

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AUG 22 1900

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BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

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A FEW OF THE AMERICAN MARINES WHO MARCHED TO THE RELIEF OF TIENTSIN UNDER MAJOR WALLER

GOING TO WAR IN CHINA

By FREDERICK PALMER, Our Special Correspondent with the Allied Army



THE "MONOCACY"

TIENTSIN, CHINA, JUNE 29

THE *Yorktown*, which brought me from Chefoo, steamed slowly through the fleet of twenty-eight ships of the allies—big black Britishers, leaden-colored Japanese and white Russians, twenty-eight in all—she was as a stranger in a foreign land, until the *Newark* came into view. Considering the importance of our interests in the East, we are very poorly represented, indeed, by a small cruiser and a good-sized gunboat. The new-comer joins with the officers in wishing for the early arrival of the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*.

If numbers are small, our spirit has been great. American marines were the first to land to protect their legations. Captain McCalla was going on to Pekin anyway, whether anybody accompanied him or not. It was enough, he said, that the American Legation was in danger. Admiral Seymour would not see him go alone. The British joined the Captain and the other Powers fell in with their forces as a matter of course. If numbers are small—there are not enough men on the *Newark* to man the guns—hospitality is accordingly great among the few officers who remain on the flagship. At the time of my arrival, the wardroom of every man-of-war in the fleet was rejoicing. The news of the rescue of Seymour's party was definite. The gallant force had been roughly handled, but that any part of it was alive came almost as a surprise after waiting for news of it for thirteen days.

THE FAMOUS FORTS OF TAKU

As soon as the *Yorktown* approached the fleet I began looking for those now famous forts of Taku, and I was still looking when she dropped anchor. Though the day was bright, they were obscured in the haze hanging over the yellow water. A man-of-war of the first class cannot approach nearer than nine miles. Therefore, her Majesty's *Centurion* or *Barfleur* was as helpless as an Indian canoe against the Chinese gunners when they anticipated the expiry of the ultimatum. The fighting fell to the lot of the gunboats, while the battleships had not even the privilege of being spectators.

Launches can pass over the bar only at high tide twice a day. An orderly called me at 3 A.M. I hastily dressed, swallowed a piece of toast and went over the side with my baggage into the *Newark*'s launch, which was going ashore with despatches. Captain Taussig of the *Yorktown*, looking for news of his son, who was with McCalla, and Dr. Kennedy, who was going to attend the wounded of McCalla's party, joined us from the *Yorktown*. The forts appeared with the sunlight, and they were quite different from expectations—great mud walls with embrasures on either side of the muddy little river Pei-ho. As my geography had it, Tien-tsin itself was only a short distance from the sea. Tongku, where you take the train for Tien-tsin, thirty miles distant, is three miles up the river from the mouth. British, Japanese and Russian sentries were patrolling the parapets, with British, Japanese and Russian flags flying over them, and here and there a gun

lying sidewise or with its breech toward the sea. The gunboats which took a fortification that ought to have held back twenty times their number were in line in the river, bows upstream. Three of them bore scars which he who rode in a launch might see. The namesake of the German *Itis*, which was lost off Formosa four years ago—a statue erected by German merchants on the Bund of Shanghai perpetuates the memory of her crew who went down with a cheer for their Kaiser—suffered the worst. A 6-inch shell exploded by contact with the framework of the bridge and twisted and cut it as if it were so much gingerbread work. Her captain, his leg torn by a fragment, stuck to his post until he had directed his vessel out of the zone of fire.

THE BONES OF THE "MONOCACY"

At the pier of Tongku lies an old paddle-wheel vessel floating the American flag. You still see her type on our American rivers. As a gunboat she is thirty-five years behind the times; '65 is the date on her guns, which are of the earliest breech-loading pattern. For years the *Monocacy* has lain in the Yang-tze opposite Shanghai, an example of the first iron-clads as developed by our civil war, showing by contrast with other men-of-war how essentially modern the navies of to-day are. They came and went, but she remained in Shanghai as much of a fixture as the piers or the Bund. Her captain was a little disgruntled, and Admiral Dewey quietly amused that he should be, when the Admiral dismissed the idea of taking her to Manila Bay; for her officers are in duty bound to find all kinds of good points about her. They say that she could whip battleship—if it was Chinese. The sudden flare-up at Pekin found us with our ships in dock or else at Manila, which is four days further from Taku than Shanghai. The Navy Department asked Captain Wise by cable if he could navigate the *Monocacy* to Taku. Sutting the insult which he felt that the question implied, he replied that he could; and, accordingly, the venerable lady, for the first time in fifteen years, put to sea. Arriving at Taku in good shape, undertaking an errand of mercy at once, she was just coming outside the bar with thirty missionaries, women and children when the bombardment began. She got a shot through her bow and one through one of her boats, but she saved her passengers, and now she is a steady, broad-decked intelligence bureau, launch and train dispatcher's office and post-office combined. Could you imagine a gunboat of the model of the last ten years as suitable to such a position? Her executive officer remains on board to answer questions and feed the hungry, whether foreign officers or newspaper correspondents, while Captain Wise is commandant (officially) and Grand Pooh Bah (actually) of the town of Tongku, and general manager of the railway. The old ship distills water for all the troops within rail connection, or which are discharged from transports alongside the piers below the *Monocacy*. He makes these same troops at home, finds cars to carry them and sets them on their way toward the rendezvous of the allied army at Tien-tsin.

COSSACKS AND CORRESPONDENTS

A gangplank runs ashore from the *Monocacy* in much the same humble way as a Yukon steamer puts a board ashore to take on wood. What you find when you cross it is a railway yard and some piers which might be in the Philippines, in India, the Straits Settlements, or in any Oriental country

where the white man has placed the stamp of the material side of civilization. Under the guard of half a dozen Russian sentries some Russian soldiers were landing forage, and a great number of field ovens and soup boilers. These, as well as the strapping Cossacks and the heavy gear for their horses, gave an impression of solidity and suggested a unit of a great army organized for warfare on a vast and systematic scale.

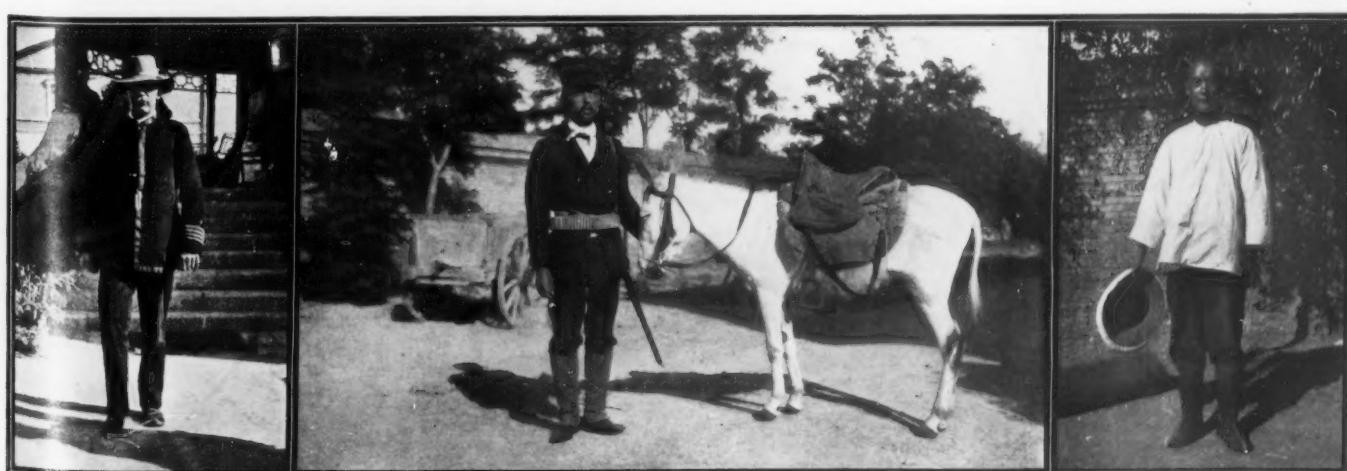
Captain Wise, with three correspondents on his hands, put two on board his morning train at 10 o'clock, while the third was to go to Tien-tsin on the launch which he had already established now as a daily feature, though Tien-tsin had been relieved for only three days. Our fellow-passengers were a company of Japanese soldiers. No company—unless it was Jap—ever had men of a more nearly average height. The tallest was not five feet seven. But their packs were such as a Grenadier might carry. Every man, besides his blanket and haversack, had a new pair of shoes, and, what at once attracted universal attention, a pair of field-glasses. From what I learned, the Jap is nearsighted, and, to make up for the shortcoming, his government supplies a pair of professional eyes. No troops show up better, either in manner or in uniform, than the little fellows whom the English long to see have a "go" at the big Cossacks.

The railroad is in repair for only twelve miles from Tongku. Beyond "railroad head," as the terminus is called, is a fine road-bed, English built, with scattered and twisted rails, while the Boxers carried the sleepers away into their villages. On one side of the track was a Russian encampment; on the other, a company of British Engineers and some Sikhs of the British native Indian troops. Beyond them was a party of the Wei-hai-Wei Chinese regiment recruited by the native officers.

"PIDGIN" TOMMIES

Nothing that I witnessed surprised me so much as the fine appearance a Chinese of the tall Northern type makes when he is in a white man's uniform. I expected that he would be rather amusing, if not ridiculous. He is the contrary, though nobody resists a smile when a sentry calls: "Who go le? Flend! Allell." Their officers tell me that they could get all the Chinese recruits they want at Wei-hai-Wei, and that they rejected nine out of ten applicants. Out of the tenth "Sergeant What's his name" has made a wonderful transformation. The pigtail is rolled up under a regulation British blue-jacket's hat with the brim turned up all round. He has khaki skirt and khaki breeches with puttee leggings of the British type. Apparently the British had more confidence in their "pidgin" Tommies than the Germans in theirs, for the Germans have brought up none of the native companies which they have been drilling at Kiao-Chou. Scepticism is wasted, if the British-Chinese are any test; for in the little action which they saw in the relief of Tien-tsin they seemed to enjoy fighting their countrymen.

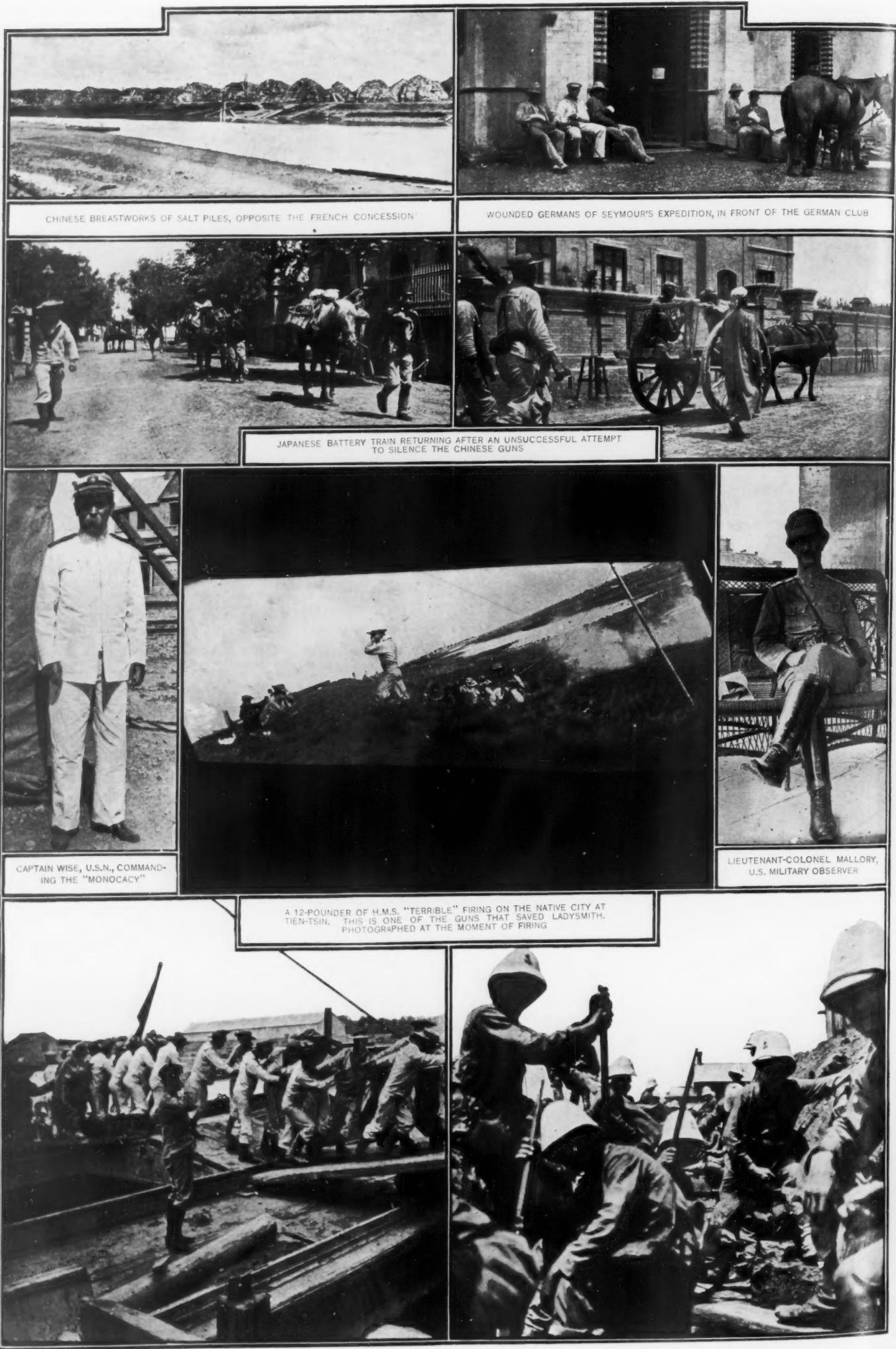
Unless we wanted to be cut up by Boxers, we were told that we had better not walk to Tien-tsin along the railway. In fact, this twelve miles of the Tien-tsin-Pekin Railway and Taku, Tongku and Tien-tsin are all that the Allies hold at present. After we had rested under the shade of a tree, drank something, and chatted with two British officers for a few minutes, we walked to the Pei-ho along the bank of one of the numerous irrigating canals which connect with that river, where we waited three hours before Captain Wise's



Left: CAPTAIN MCCALLA, AS HE APPEARED WHILE LEAVING THE CONSULATE AT TIENTSIN ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE CRUISER "NEWARK." THE COMMANDER IS ON THE SAME UNIFORM THAT HE WORE DURING THE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF PEKIN.

Center: CAPTAIN MCCALLA'S CHINESE DONKEY AND HER JAPANESE STEWARD. THE APPEARANCE OF THE DONKEY DOES NOT INDICATE HER STRENGTH OF CHARACTER. WHEN SHE WAS WILLING, THE CAPTAIN RODE HER; WHEN SHE WAS NOT, SHE KNELT DOWN LIKE A CAMEL, AND, LEAVING HER RIDER STANDING, BACKED OUT FROM UNDER AND STOOD GAZING REPROACHFULLY AT HIM. SHE WAS GIVEN TO MEDITATION, AND ACCORDING TO THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL STEWARD "FOUND IT INCUMBENT ON HER TO MAKE FREQUENT PAUSES DURING THE MARCH, FOR THE ELUCIDATION OF KNOTTY PROBLEMS IN ORIENTAL STATEPAPERS."

Right: CHOANG, CHINESE SERVANT OF CAPTAIN BIGHAM, R.N., WHILE CARRYING A RELIEF MESSAGE WHICH HE SWALLOWED TO TIENTSIN HE WAS CAPTURED AND ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED BY BOXERS. HE DECLARED HIS HATRED OF THE "FOREIGN DEVILS," WAS RELEASED AND RETURNED IN DISGUISE.



GOING TO WAR IN CHINA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



GOING TO WAR IN CHINA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



JAPANESE SOLDIERS CONSTRUCTING A PONTOON BRIDGE



A MILITARY TRANSPORTATION TUG ON THE PEI-HO RIVER

tug, which had to wait on the tide, appeared. In the days when Tien-tsin became the great port of the province of Chihli, the depth of the Pei-ho permitted ocean-draught steamers to go up to Tien-tsin. The Pei-ho has changed, but not the importance of the port.

The country is as flat as our Western plains, with nothing to break the monotonous view except the villages strung along the river bank and the conical mounds—those far-famed sacred graves of ancestors which the "foreign devil" would destroy in order that his railroad might not be as crooked as a corkscrew. All the houses are of mud, unpainted, unadorned on the outside, and the land is a sea of mud in the brief rainy season, now approaching. With the wind throwing dust in your eyes, it would be desolate enough in ordinary times. But these are far from ordinary times, either for the Chinese or the "foreign devil" in China. Last year the rain was slack; crops failed; and distress became one of the contributive causes, but not the sole cause, of the Boxer movement which seems, at this juncture, to have become the authority of the Empire. As far as your eye can see on the plain now, no living figure greets it. The advancing force, to save from massacre Ministers and attaches in this late day in the world's progress, mowed down human life as thoroughly as the careful reaper gleans his field. The people fled, and with them such Boxers as were left alive after contact with our troops. The match was touched to the interior of every house.

DEAD CHINAMEN IN THE PEI-HO

I did not attempt to count the number of dead Chinese which lay on the banks of the river, where they had been

washed by tidal flow. They were not into the thousands, as some one had told me, but there must have been more than a hundred. If one of the savage "chow" dogs of the country was not munching an arm or a leg, he was lying near by the corpse, gorged, and awaiting further appetite to go on with his ghoulish work.

It was dark before the tug approached Tien-tsin. Just outside the town we passed another launch, or rather a small steamer, which had on board the wounded of Admiral Seymour's force. Their work in the war with China was over and they were returning to their ships. A Russian pontoon bridge prevented our tug from going as far as the young naval officer who commanded her expected to go. He tried to get the Russian sentry to make an opening for him; he might as well have asked the Sphinx to conjugate understand in English. This allied army is a babel of tongues; a Midway Plaisance of civilized racial characteristics.

I struck out across the pontoon bridge into the European settlement to seek the American consulate and information as to where I could get a night's lodging, and to call on Captain McCalla. A Russian officer, with three Cossacks and a Chinese cart behind him, came trotting along on a cream-colored pony. He invited me to throw my blanket roll into his cart and he started out to show me to my destination. He was a little mixed on his topography, and eventually a citizen told us that the street which we were following led in the opposite direction from the consulate. The officer would take no excuse. "Americans and Russians ought to be good friends," he said. He, his cart, his Cossacks and his pony (which he had captured from a Chinese general he told me) escorted me to the very gate of the consulate, one of the

Cossacks insisting, in rough good-nature, upon taking me blanket roll up on the porch, where the consul, Mr. Ragsdale, was resting from the worries of the siege. Captain McCalla was asleep, he said. He reiterated what I had already heard on all sides—the admiration which our sailors of Seymour's force had won from all the foreigners. An orderly came with a message for the Captain, and, when the consul woke him up, he received me.

The last time that I had seen the Captain was at Apant, where he had given a tired correspondent an American breakfast which had made that correspondent feel as if he were something of a man again. Before I left his room it was long after midnight. The story of the expedition which set out to rescue Pekin and had difficulty to rescue itself as he told it to me I will relate in a later article. Suffice it that he left out three important facts. One was that he was shot through the flesh of the back, the second that a shell wounded him in two places, the third that he went on directing his men on the firing line without stopping "for repairs," and hobbled into Tien-tsin at their head.

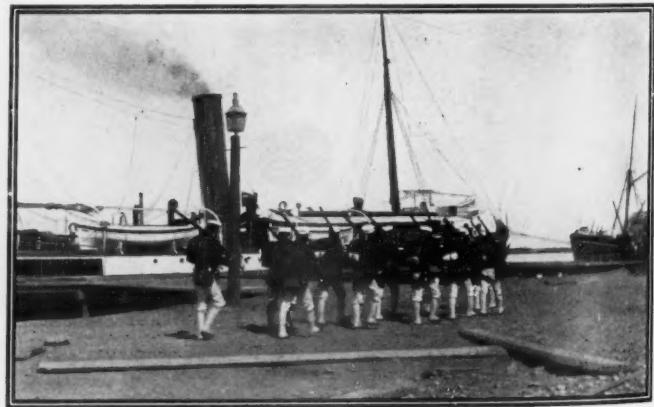
DODGING SHELLS IN TIEN-TSIN

IN TIEN-TSIN, EVENING OF THE 8TH OF JULY

THE EXPLOSION of that particular shell left too much dust in my typewriter for me to write a long letter to-night. Besides, it is trying to dodge shells, and I am tired. I will undertake, instead of a letter, to copy from my diary a record of some of the events of the last three days in a town manned by the troops of the eight foremost nations of the world, which has been all but besieged by—well, by the Chinese.



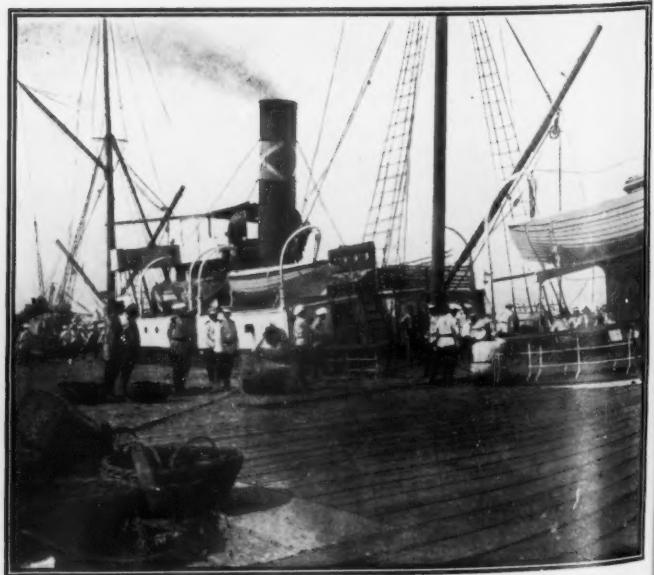
A SQUAD OF JAPANESE ARTILLERYMEN OFF DUTY



JAPANESE MARCHING FROM TRANSPORT TO TRAIN



JAPANESE TROOPS BATHING AND WASHING THEIR CLOTHES IN THE RIVER



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS UNLOADING AN ARMY TRANSPORT AT THE WHARF



RUSSIANS UNLOADING FORAGE FROM A TRANSPORT



CHINESE SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE



PILE AMMUNITION FOR THE BRITISH GUNS

July 5.—We were awakened at five this morning by the booming of guns. We could discern that they were fired from our side, and that was extremely comforting. Beyond and above all things, we need guns which will carry as far as those of the Chinese. The different forces which are here all expected a route march to Pekin and came equipped accordingly—without heavy guns. We have seen the result of the attempt of the Japanese battery three days ago with their little mountain guns to silence the eight guns which the Chinese placed on our flank at the railway bridge, thereby making life tenable on our pontoon bridge, in the railway roundhouse and the limits of our line across the river only under cover. The Mikado's men are very brave. They handle their fine little brass guns jauntily and well—but their shells did not reach the enemy, while the enemy's shells put thirteen of their sixty gunners out of action before the Japanese had used up their ammunition and had to give up the position. They placed their guns in the open where the Chinese gunners could distinguish the figures of the artillerymen, while the Chinese guns were well masked behind mud embrasures. That is not characteristic of the Japanese alone. The average foreign officer cannot accustom himself to the idea that once a shot is fired at him the Chinaman is going to run away.

"FROM LADYSMITH TO PEKIN"

The guns, whose full-throated voices ushered in the dawn, were the same 12-pounders which helped to save Ladysmith. The blue-jackets who man them have painted on their improvised carriages, which Captain Percy Scott designed, "From Ladysmith to Pekin." They were placed at the foot of the west wall, on the other side of the town from the Chinese batteries at the railway bridge. If the *Terrible's* gunners could not see their target, they had the advantage of being out of the enemy's reach as well as his sight. The gunners were given the range from the signal tower of Gordon Hall, the highest building in town. After every shot, the flag passed the word as to how many yards and in which direction the shell had gone astray.

Meanwhile, the Chinese guns by the railway bridge attended strictly to their knitting. They could not fire at the 12-pounder when they did not know where it was, and so they kept on firing at the railway station whenever they could see anything worth a shell. Wandering to the Bund, which is the thoroughfare along the quay here, I saw sixty or seventy white women and children embarking in an old lighter for Taku, where they will take any transportation to any place of refuge they can reach. Then I went up to the pontoon

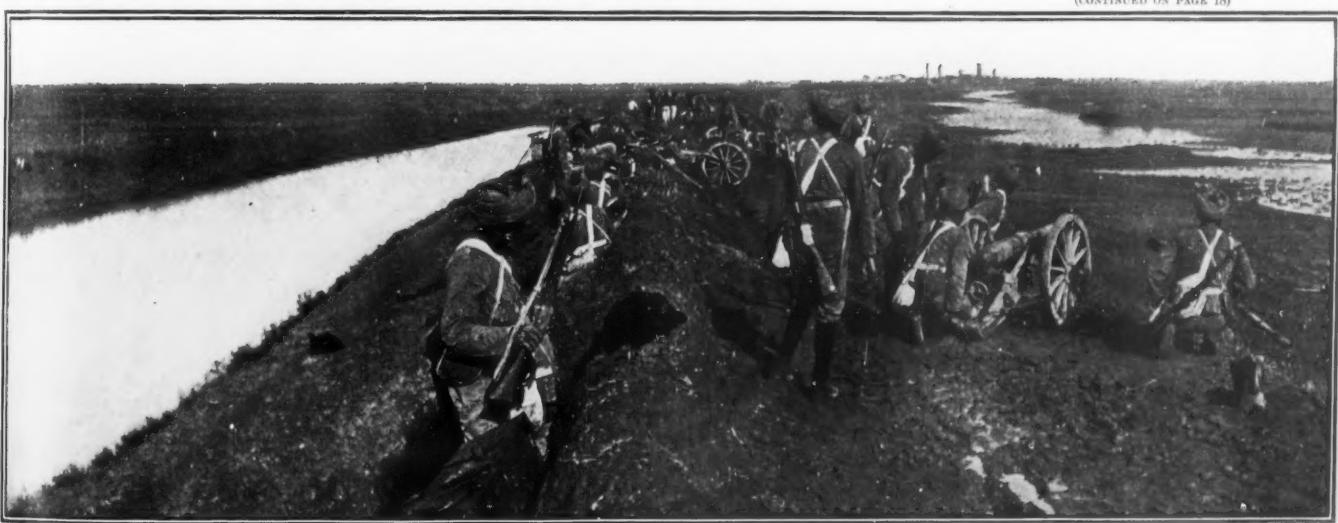
bridge, which supplants for military purposes the bridge that was destroyed during the siege of Tien-tsin before its relief. This is the region of the French Concession.

You took a rickshaw along the Rue de Chemin de Fer in the old days, when the traders of Tien-tsin sold modern arms and ammunition to the Chinese and thought that one white man could lick the Empire with a stick. Now you go up the Rue de Chemin de Fer on foot, with bullets from the snipers in the salt piles across the stream smacking against the brick and stone walls of the houses which are uninhabited ruins honeycombed by shells and fragments of shells. After their gunnery, the greatest enlightenment that has been vouchsafed us about the Chinese by recent events is the great availability of pagodas for signal and watch towers. From the pagoda beyond the railway bridge the heathen lookout man can see any movement of importance by our troops.

ADMIRAL SEYMORE FINDS THE "OPEN DOOR"

During the bombardment, Admiral Seymour happened to be going the rounds of the defences just as I was crossing the pontoon bridge. He came through a hole made in the roundhouse by a Chinese shell. Three or four persons were not enough to attract the attention of more than the snipers.

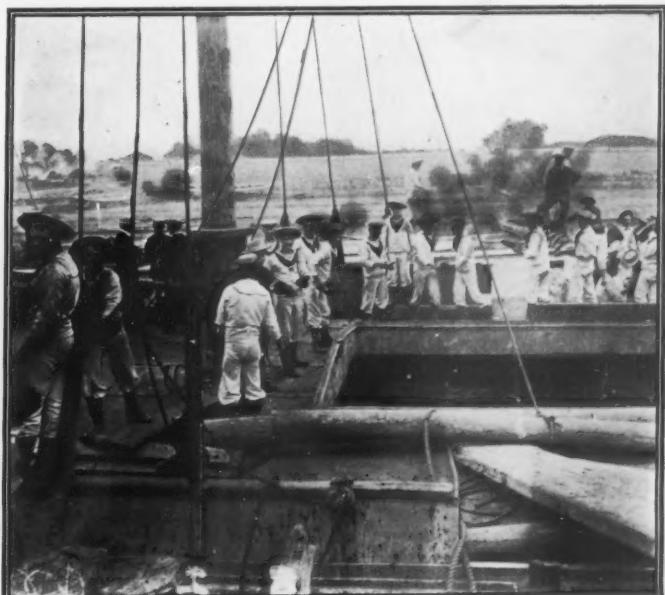
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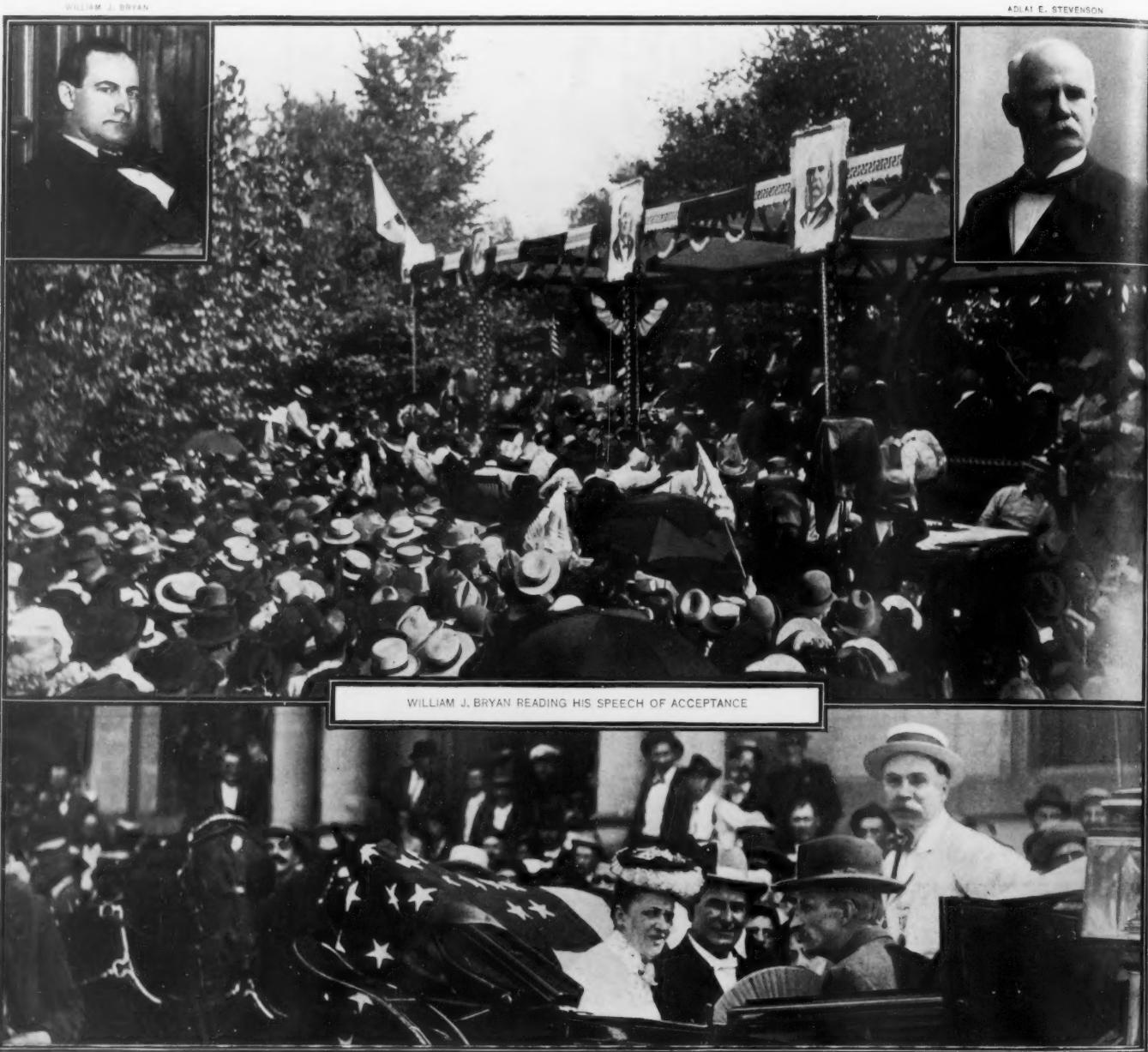
SIKH SOLDIERS OF THE BRITISH INDIAN ARMY ABOUT TO FIRE, FROM THE EMBANKMENT, ON THE NATIVE CITY



REFUGEES, ENGINEERS AND SOLDIERS ON A RIVER LAUNCH NEAR THE ENGINEERS' CAMPS



BRITISH BLUE-JACKETS PASSING AMMUNITION ASHORE FOR THE "TERREBLES" 12-POUNDER



PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN

MR. AND MRS. BRYAN, REPRESENTATIVE RICHARDSON, AND MAYOR TAGGART OF INDIANAPOLIS

THE NOTIFICATION OF BRYAN AND STEVENSON

IN THE presence of such a multitude as never before gathered in Indiana, William Jennings Bryan and Adlai E. Stevenson, on Wednesday, August 8, at Indianapolis, were given formal notification that they had been chosen as the candidates of the Democratic party for President and Vice-President of the United States.

Military Park was really the end of a march of triumph that began in Lincoln, Neb. At nearly every station at which his train arrived hundreds, and often thousands, of his admirers were gathered to cheer Mr. Bryan. His reception in Chicago was remarkable for its heartiness, and from that city to Indianapolis, he was compelled to accept an ovation which was practically continuous.

There was the short address of welcome by Mayor Taggart, followed by the formal notification, which was given by J. D. Richardson, Representative in Congress from Tennessee. Then Mr. Bryan arose and advanced briskly to the front of the platform, ready to begin his speech. He was halted, however, for several minutes by the cheers of the audience, which had its own duty to perform and which performed it with unbounded enthusiasm.

From a political viewpoint, perhaps the most significant feature of Mr. Bryan's effort is the fact that he confined his attention to Imperialism, the paramount issue. He was expected to refer at length to the financial issue, but silver and its ratio were not once mentioned by him. The exact meaning of this can be judged better after Mr. Bryan's letter has been prepared. The salient points of his speech of acceptance are these:

"The Democratic party is not making war upon the honest acquisition of wealth. It has no desire to discourage industry, economy and thrift. On the contrary, it gives to every citizen the greatest possible stimulus to honest toil when it promises him protection in the enjoyment of the proceeds of his labor. Property rights are most secure when human rights are most respected."

"No one has a right to expect from society more than a fair compensation for the services which he renders to society. If he secures more, it is at the expense of some one else. It is no injustice to him to prevent his doing injustice to another."

"Those who would have this nation enter upon a career of empire must consider not only the effect of Imperialism on the Filipinos, but they must also calculate its effect upon our own

nation. We cannot repudiate the principle of self-government in the Philippines without weakening that principle here."

"The forcible annexation of territory to be governed by arbitrary power differs as much from the acquisition of territory to be built up into States as a monarchy differs from a democracy."

"The Democratic party does not oppose expansion, when expansion enlarges the area of the republic and incorporates land which can be settled by American citizens, or adds to our population people who are willing to become citizens, and are capable of discharging their duties as such."

"If we have an imperial policy we must have a large standing army as its natural and necessary complement. The spirit which will justify the forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands will justify the seizure of other islands and the domination of other people, and with wars of conquest we can expect a certain, if not rapid, growth of our military establishment."

"The government which relies for its defence upon the citizens is more likely to be a just one than one which has at call a large body of professional soldiers. A small standing army and a well-equipped and well-disciplined State militia are sufficient in ordinary times, and in an emergency the nation should in the future, as in the past, place its dependence upon the volunteers."

"A republic can have no subject. A subject is possible only in a government resting upon force. He is unknown in a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed."

"If governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, it is impossible to secure title to people, either by force or by purchase. We could extinguish Spain's title by treaty, but if we hold title we must hold it by some method consistent with our ideas of government."

"Men may dare to do in crowds what they would not dare to do as individuals, but the moral character of an act is not determined by the number of those who join in it. Force can defend a right, but force has never yet created a right."

"The principal arguments advanced by those who enter upon the defence of Imperialism are:

"First—That we must improve the present opportunity to become a world power and enter into international politics."

"Second—That our commercial interests in the Philippine Islands and the Orient make it necessary for us to hold the islands permanently."

"Third—That the spread of the Christian religion will be facilitated by a colonial policy."

"Fourth—That there is no honorable retreat from the position which the nation has taken."

"The first argument is addressed to the nation's pride and the second to the nation's pocketbook. The third is intended for the church member and the fourth for the partisan."

"Imperialism would be profitable to the army contractors; it would be profitable to the ship-owners, who would carry live soldiers to the Philippines and bring dead soldiers back; it would be profitable to those who would seize upon the franchises, and it would be profitable to the officials whose salaries would be fixed here and paid over there; but to the farmer, to the laboring man, and to the vast majority of those engaged in other occupations, it would bring expenditure without return and risk without reward."

"Farmers and laboring men have, as a rule, small incomes, and, under systems which place the tax upon consumption, pay more than their fair share of the expenses of the government. Thus the very people who receive least benefit from Imperialism will be injured most by the military burdens which accompany it."

"It is not strange, therefore, that the labor organizations have been quick to note the approach of these dangers and prompt to protest against both militarism and imperialism."

"There is an easy, honest, honorable solution of the Philippine question. It is set forth in the Democratic platform, and it is submitted with confidence to the American people. This plan I unreservedly indorse. If elected, I shall convene Congress in extraordinary session as soon as I am inaugurated and recommend an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose—first, to establish a stable form of government in the Philippine Islands, just as we are now establishing a stable form of government in the island of Cuba; second, to give independence to the Filipinos, just as we have promised to give independence to the Cubans; third, to protect the Filipinos from outside interference while they work out their destiny, just as we have protected the republics of Central and South America, and are, by the Monroe Doctrine, pledged to protect Cuba."

When Mr. Bryan concluded, the crowd shouted its approval, repeating his name over and over again, with an occasional hurrah thrown in.

After quiet had been restored, Governor C. S. Thomas of Colorado notified Mr. Stevenson of his nomination, and the candidate for the Vice Presidency responded, touching upon the issues of the campaign in a more general way than had been done by Mr. Bryan.



WAITING FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

MR. AND MRS. BRYAN IN THEIR CARRIAGE
PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1900 BY J. SUYDAM

IN FRONT OF THE GRAND HOTEL



GOVERNOR THOMAS NOTIFYING STEVENSON



MR. AND MRS. BRYAN AND SON

REPRESENTATIVE RICHARDSON NOTIFYING BRYAN



MAYOR TAGGART OF INDIANAPOLIS ADDRESSING THE MEETING



BRYAN AND CHAIRMAN JONES RETURNING FROM THE NOTIFICATION MEETING

THE NOTIFICATION OF MR. BRYAN OF HIS NOMINATION TO THE PRESIDENCY

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By Louis Evan SHIPMAN With Drawings by A. I. KELLER

(BEGUN IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY JULY 28)

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTERS

The tale opens in 1793, and introduces, among other characters, Sir Kenstone Nevill, his son Dick and daughter Martin, who afterward marries Lord Strathleigh. In avenging an insult offered his family by Captain Jack Poins (a younger brother of Sir Sydney Poins, his intimate) and others, both Nevill and Poins are killed. In 1809 Dick (now Sir Richard Nevill) becomes Marquess of Kenstone and gains great honor under Wellington, especially at Waterloo. He is invited to England and meets Kate Poins—niece of Sir Sydney—and the Vicomte de Broisic. De Broisic determines to marry Kate Poins and journeys to Bath with that purpose in view. The Marquess of Kenstone is equally determined to make Kate his wife. He asks permission of Sir Sydney to address his niece and learns that her father was Captain Jack Poins who was killed in the duel with Sir Kenstone Nevill. He also learns a family secret, but declares his love to Kate and discovers that she is betrothed to De Broisic. Kenstone makes a sudden resolve and starts for Bath. The Editor of the Bath "GAZETTE" agrees with Vicomte de Broisic to withhold the announcement of the latter's engagement to Kate Poins. The Marquess of Kenstone requests the Vicomte to forego his suit for a pecuniary consideration. Sir Sydney tells Kate the secret of her birth and her comparative poverty.

CHAPTER XV

A Dilemma presents Itself to the Vicomte de Broisic



UTWARD TRANQUILLITY. AT least, had resumed its sway before Sir Sydney and Kate entered the dining-room for luncheon, but inward perturbation remained and tampered with their appetites. It was a relief to them both when the meal was finished. Sir Sydney returned to the library to enjoy the solace of a long, black cheroot, and Kate, in company with Miss Tetley, betook herself

to the gardens. She was throbbing with her new knowledge, and the open air and sunshine were absolutely necessary to relieve the sense of almost physical suffocation that oppressed her. The ever tactful and sympathetic Tetley, though she felt the high pressure of the occasion, imposed no demands that simple silence and a pressure of hands did not satisfy. They paced the fragrant alleys leisurely, stopping now and then to catch the river breeze that came to them gratefully under the strong glare of the early afternoon sun, but finally retreated to the shadow of the arbor, a favorite resting-place of Kate's, and where, the day before, Nevill had found her open book and handkerchief.

"You will never leave me, Tetley, will you?" asked Kate, for the first time speaking.

"Never, Miss Kate, until you bid me."

"Not even if I go away from—from Poins House?" she questioned, the dread contingency faltering on her lips.

"Couldn't I go with you?" said Miss Tetley in a simple, timid voice.

"You could—you shall. Oh, you are a dear Tetley!" cried Kate, kissing her.

"When are you going?" asked her companion, as if immediate departure were contemplated.

"I don't know; but some day, some day," answered Kate.

Silence fell between them once again, again to be broken by Kate Poins.

"Do you think, Tetley," she said, "that a lover, a real lover, would give up everything in the world for the woman he loved?"

"I have never had a real lover," answered Miss Tetley, feeling that her answer was awaited with a stifled eagerness; "but all the real lovers I have ever thought of would have given up everything, everything," she repeated with a little flush, "for the woman they loved."

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Kate, as if some golden-voiced oracle had spoken; and once more she passionately kissed her bewildered companion.

Any further analysis of the qualities and motives of true lovers was clipped short by the sound of steps on the gravel—a sound that brought Kate to her feet and that despatched Miss Tetley, always discreet, to the house, along a by-path. The rustle of her skirts had scarce ceased to be heard when De Broisic appeared in the little opening that served the bower for entrance.

"I thought I should find you resting here," he said, stepping toward her; "the servant told me you were in the gardens."

"Did you see Uncle Sydney?" she asked quickly.

"No. Is he well enough to be down?" questioned De Broisic eagerly.

"Yes. I have been with him the whole morning."

"You have told him?" he asked, holding her hand.

"Everything."

"He will see me?"

"Yes. You had best go to him now."

He caught her resistlessly in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "You frighten me, Kate," he said. "You looked so strangely at me when I came."

"Did I?" she asked, almost listlessly. Now that he was with her, the courage that had propped her seemed to recede and leave her high stranded, with nothing to cling to save him; and for an instant black doubt surged through her and she gave a despairing little cry.

"Oh, Honore, do you love me? Could you bear anything for my sake?" Her arms were about his neck, and he drew her to him gently and kissed her on the forehead.

"Anything, love—anything in all this world for you."

She closed her eyes and gave a low sigh of content.

"Come," she said after a moment, "I'll take you to him."

"Was he angry with me?" he asked as they moved toward the house.

"Not angry," she replied.

"Annoyed a little, eh?"

"You know how punctilious old gentlemen are," said she.

"It was very improper of me. I shall try to make every amend," answered he.

As they stood in the wide, low hall before the library door, she whispered: "I will wait in the drawing-room. Come to me there afterward." For answer he kissed her again and pressed her hand, then she glided away from him, and he tapped on the door.

Sir Sydney was sitting in his accustomed place before the fire. When the Frenchman entered he looked up, and, on seeing who his visitor was, attempted to rise, but De Broisic stepped quickly toward him.

"I beg of you, Sir Sydney, not to disturb yourself," he said, standing very modestly before the old gentleman.

"As you may imagine, Monsieur le Vicomte, your visit is not altogether a surprise," said the baronet, rather grimly. "Pray be seated."

"I have a very humble apology to make to you, sir, for my seeming disrespect."

"Ample apologies and explanations have already been made by a special pleader. Say no more about it," answered Sir Sydney.

"You are very kind," said the Vicomte, drawing up a chair.

"I think I am," rejoined the old gentleman, "considering that you propose to take from me what I hold most dear in the world."

"I am fully conscious of my presumption, Sir Sydney," replied the young man.

"Humility is a very becoming attitude for one who is to become guardian of so precious a thing as a young girl's happiness," said the baronet, with a smile.

"My good fortune lacks but your consent to make me the happiest of men."

"My consent could never be withheld from anything that Kate desires so eagerly. All that I wish to assure myself of is that the child will be contented and happy. And to that end I must know something of your prospects in life, and, in turn, I will impart to you information of very great moment."

"I have very little to tell and very little to offer, Sir Sydney," replied De Broisic; "but I have expectations from a sequestered property in France that I have the liveliest hopes of acquiring before long. And my father, whom you knew—"

"I had that pleasure," said the baronet politely.

"Left me a small property, which, I am sorry to say, is smaller than when it came into my hands; but with care and attention it will suffice for a modest living."

The manner and modesty of this statement commended themselves agreeably to the old gentleman, who listened attentively.

"And of what income do you feel safely assured, not taking into account the expectations you have from the estate in France?" he asked.

"I should say between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds," answered De Broisic glibly.

"That would suffice admirably," said Sir Sydney. "It is not great wealth, but neither is it penury. And now, Monsieur, I have much to tell you, much that is painful to me, but which is very proper and very necessary, under the circumstances, that you should know."

A little shiver of apprehension went through the Vicomte at these words, but his self-control was admirable, even when a few moments later he saw his plans, so cherished during the last two months, lay crumpled and lifeless. He said nothing, but shifted himself to attention.

"My niece's dowry," the old man said slowly, while De Broisic hung on his words, "will not much more than equal your present income. To be more exact," he went on, "at my death she will come into a property yielding about two thousand pounds a year."

De Broisic nodded his head mechanically in assent, but his ears were singing.

"Of course, if you choose, and I know it would be Kate's choice, besides a great pleasure to me," pursued Sir Sydney, "you could reside here at Poins House as long as I live."

"As long as you live?" queried the Vicomte, in a low voice that sounded to him so devoid of all resemblance to his own

that he looked instinctively at the old man to see if he noticed its colorlessness.

"As long as I live," repeated the baronet. "And that brings me to a very delicate matter concerning the birth of my niece. In the ordinary course of events, the baronetcy lapsing as it does at my death, Poins House and the estates belonging to it would descend to Kate."

"Yes."

"But Kate," went on Sir Sydney deliberately, "is the natural daughter of my younger brother, Captain Poins, and as such cannot be considered the heir-at-law."

"I see," said De Broisic, for the first time allowing himself to draw a long breath.

But he didn't see; everything seemed in a black whirl before his eyes, blinding physical and mental vision alike. He thought if he could but tear his neckcloth open relief would come, and a desire to shout with laughter came over him, only restrained by digging his nails deep into the palms. Then out of the murky confusion of his thoughts peered the jeering leer of Jack Tierce, companioned with the cool, easy smile of Nevill; and, behind theirs, stretched the malignant faces of a hundred men eager to grapple and trample on him in his discomfiture. By a mighty effort of will he thrust these imaginings back into their recesses. Sir Sydney was still talking, but he heard not a word, until the rising inflection of a question caught his ear.

"I beg pardon," he said.

"Shall I call her?" asked the old man.

"Yes, yes," said De Broisic vaguely; but as he saw the old gentleman rising, he divined his intent and jumped to his feet. "Anything but that," clamored something inside of him. Aloud he said: "Never mind, Sir Sydney; Miss Poins is in the drawing-room; I will go to her there."

The old gentleman put out his hand and the Vicomte took it, hardly knowing what he did. "I will see you soon again," he said.

"Yes, very soon," said De Broisic, and he turned toward the door.

A new fear was hammering at him now. What if she should hear the door open and come to meet him? The handle seemed an interminable time turning, but at last the great panel swung quietly open and he stepped into the hall, as carefully closing it behind him. Softly he tiptoed along the passage to where his hat and riding-whip lay; then across the entry to the open air, that chilled him as he passed out. Once down the terrace steps, he quickened his pace until, as he approached the stables, he broke into a run. His horse was ready, and, tossing a coin to the astonished groom who led her out, he mounted and, digging in his spurs, galloped off through the gates.

The rush of wind about his head clarified his senses. He brushed a hand across his face, and the laughter that he had choked back before Sir Sydney rocked him in the saddle. Strident, mirthless laughter that mocked his flight along the highway. He had played for a big stake and lost. Three months thrown to the winds in pursuit of a nameless, penniless girl. Was it not a mess of hell's own brewing? And Nevill's twenty thousand pounds that had slipped through his fingers that very morning. The day was cursed with ill luck. These, and a mass of other gnawing, jibing thoughts hurtled through his mind as he sped along.

But not one of them held by him and bored into his soul as the image of the ridiculous figure he would present to these intimates who were accustomed to see only success follow his efforts. No thought of Kate, no thought of Sir Sydney, save those that were tinged with contempt and anger, touched him. He was far more concerned with how he should explain his flight to Mr. Saint George Tetie of the Bath "Gazette," and preserve that personage's admiration, than he was with the poor victims of his villainy. And as he alighted from his steaming mare, at the door of his lodgings, he was already planning to cover his retreat from Bath, and throw the odium of it on the two from whom he had received nothing but consideration.

CHAPTER XVI

Disillusionment

THE GLOW of the afternoon faded into dusk, and Kate still sat in the great drawing-room waiting, waiting, waiting. Once she thought she heard a footstep in the passage, and rose expectant, with her face turned to the nearest door; but it did not open, and she sat down with a little tremor. An open book lay on her lap, but the printed page was nothing but a blurred jumble. Hearing was the only sense that wasn't numbed, and her ears ached with the effort to catch the welcome sound of approach, which didn't come. At last there was the unmistakable sound of steps along the hall; they stopped at the door, and, as it opened, she sprang to her feet, her heart bounding. It was a lackey with a taper, tending the lights.

"I beg pardon, Miss Poins," he said, "I did not know there was any one here."

"It was all right," she said faintly, stepping past him. She felt dizzy and leaned for an instant against the doorjam.

she walked unsteadily across to the library. For a moment she hesitated at the door, but if there had been a sound on the other side the pounding in her breast would have drowned it. She knocked. There were no lights in the room, but as she went in the fire's glimmer showed her uncle, deep in his chair, and either asleep or lost in thought, so low was his chin sunk on his chest.

"Uncle," she said in a whisper, going toward him. "He looked up, and put out his hand to her.

"Oh, dear," said he, "has he gone? Are you very, very happy to-night?"

"Happy?" echoed Kate, supporting herself against the high back of the chair. "Is he gone? I haven't seen him," she answered.

"Not seen him?" questioned Sir Sydney, sitting up. "He left me over an hour ago."

"Were you—very angry with him?" she faltered.

"Angry? No."

"You told him?"

"Everything. He said you were in the drawing-room; that he would go to you there."

"He didn't come," said she in a low voice; then of a sudden a great trembling seized her, and she sank on her knees and buried her head in the old man's lap.

Her panic communicated itself to him. He raised her head gently, and the look of fear, doubt and dumb anguish that shone from her lustreless eyes gripped him icily.

"My dear child," he said, steadying his voice. "What is it? He is in the gardens probably. He'll be back. Come, come, dear."

"He's gone," she said, her head once more sinking. She shook with dry, convulsive sobs, and he stroked her hair gently, aimlessly, filled with an indefinable fear. Rising quietly a few moments later, he pulled the bell-cord. Kate rose to her feet, too; there was no trace of tears on her face, but it was colorless as she stood before the fire that had no warmth for her.

"See if Monsieur le Vicomte de Broisic is in the house or gardens," said Sir Sydney to the footman who answered the call.

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

"I am going to my room," said Kate when they were alone.

"Wait, dear," said the old man.

"He's gone; there is no need to wait," answered she in a dull voice; and, stepping by him, she moved toward the door. She stumbled once, and he moved as if to support her. "No, no," she said. "I am—all right," and she passed out, leaving the old gentleman alone.

It was a haunted night for them both. When Kate did not come down to dinner, Sir Sydney sent Miss Tetley to her; but her ministrations were useless and unheeded. She lay on her bed, face downward in the pillows, through the whole night, with the distracted, sympathetic Tetley kneeling by her side. No sound escaped her, and blessed sleep shunned her eyes. A sense of great loneliness, as if she had been thrown heedlessly out into illimitable space, and that dull agony at her heart, were the only things that touched her consciousness. The slow-footed hours dragged by relentlessly in their sloth, until the cold gray light and twittering birds announced the reluctant approach of morning; and still she lay prone—death's figure, but quick with the mind's torture.

The baronet, in the big, lonely bookroom below, sat in a helpless, dazed fashion, unrelieved by innumerable half-smoked cigars; but striving to think that though De Broisic's conduct had been strange, yet that on the morrow he would turn up with sufficient explanations. His valet appeared at his usual bedtime, and again an hour later; but he sat on, deep in perplexity. At two o'clock he went up, and, his valet mixing him a sleeping draught, he dropped off into uneasy slumber, from which he awoke about nine the next morning, unrefreshed, and with the burden of the night before heavy upon him. Breakfast was an ordeal, and when, in answer to his inquiries, Miss Tetley sent back word that his niece would not leave her room, he paced his dressing-room in anxious cogitation.

Sir Sydney's hope that the Vicomte would appear at Poins House was not justified, neither was there any word from him; and by afternoon, the dread which had filled the old baronet gave way to a cold, silent anger. Kate did not appear at luncheon, nor at dinner, and he passed another lonely, hateful evening to himself, racked and fretted with his own upbraids. It had been a blind old fool's folly to so expose the child to a man of whom he knew nothing; and his hands were tied behind his back—he was impotent to resent the galling affront that had been put upon him by the very delicacy of the whole matter. He could not drag his brother's infamy to the light; his gentle Kate could not be exposed to the horrible gaze of the prurient world. So he argued and tortured himself, and raged at his powerlessness.

No ill crossed his mind a hundred times, and the thought of his gallant, gay, buoyant figure was a relief. Why had he not appeared sooner? And the question was answered by the thought that he had preferred to fasten the child up in a secluded country house rather than allow her to come in contact even with his friends. And a stinging memory brought fresh to him the fact that he had welcomed the young Frenchman purposely, with an idea that he would accept the trust of his nameless niece with less questioning than one of her own countrymen might; and again he thought of that handsome young Englishman, the son of his dearest friend, who but two days before had so considerately spoken of his great love, and with such a generous manliness had accepted the story of the unfortunate child. Where was he now? Could he not be counted on for help in his extremity? The old man started up as if to go to him at once. But the clock in the hall tolled a deep twelve, and he rang for his

servant instead, promising himself an early visit to Kenstone Hall in the morning.

The second tragic day at Poins came in with rain and lowering clouds. A heavy mist rolled up from the river, enveloped house and gardens and kept the old gentleman, closely wrapped in his dressing-gown, hovering over the fire. He went downstairs at noon, hoping to find Kate in the big breakfast-room, but found only Miss Tetley arranging a luncheon to be taken up to her.

"Oh, what is it, Sir Sydney?" she asked pitifully. "I'm worried to distraction. She doesn't eat, she doesn't speak, she doesn't sleep. She just lies there like a stone."

"Poor child," murmured the old man, "I'll come to her this afternoon."

After his own luncheon, which was but nibbled at, he went into the library, where the candles were already alight, in flickering protest at the recusant day. The fire crackled and roared in the great chimney, as if overjoyed at the unusual May-day privilege, and Sir Sydney sat himself before the cheerful blaze. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the post-bag, which he unlocked, and, putting the mail on the table, withdrew. Sir Sydney turned languid interest to the letters, then opened out the Bath "Gazette," which was among them, smelling inkily, as if just from the press. On the front page, staring at him as if it were a bill on a public hoarding, was this headline:

"The Narrow Escape of a Distinguished French Nobleman."



"HOW MUCH HAD SIR SYDNEY TOLD HIM," SHE WONDERED

He read on below, and the blood seemed to freeze in his veins. "Not a thousand miles from Bath," said the print, "resides a representative of one of the oldest baronetcies in the Kingdom with his pseudo-niece. A distinguished young French nobleman, son of one of the most aristocratic of the *émigrés* of '33, has just had a very narrow escape from a serious entanglement in the baronet's household that may interest not only our Bath readers, but our readers in the metropolis, where the baronet was once a shining ornament in the great world."

What followed was the secret that Sir Sydney had dedicated his old years to preserving, and as he finished reading the farago of half truths and lies, touched up as they were with the vulgar and most flippant innuendoes, he felt as if he had been scorched by a flame.

"The cur!" he said softly, as the paper dropped from his hand.

A few moments after he rang for a servant. He was quite cool now and deliberate. Every faculty seemed crystal clear, and his mind saw quite far ahead, where before it had wandered in the intricacies of a labyrinth.

"Did you ring, Sir Sydney?" asked the footman.

"Yes. Have one of the grooms ready to ride to Kenstone Hall with a note immediately."

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

"And, Roberts?"

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

"Tell Howson to come here to me at once."

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

The old gentleman was writing to Nevill before the man

had left the room, and as his valet, Howson, entered he was sealing the hot wax on it.

"Howson," he said, looking up, "I am going to London to-night."

"At what hour do we leave, Sir Sydney?"

"By nine at latest. See that the post-chaise is in readiness, and pack my portmanteaus for a week."

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

"I am expecting Lord Kenstone to ride with us, so you will have to ride on the box."

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

"Before you attend to these matters bring my duelling pistols here; I want to look them over."

"Yes, Sir Sydney." And the imperturbable Howson withdrew at his master's errand, returning before many moments with the morocco-bound case of pistols.

"Give this note to the groom, who must be ready by this time, and tell him to take it to Kenstone Hall at once, and to wait for an answer from Lord Kenstone."

"Yes, Sir Sydney."

Left alone once more, the baronet opened the case and was examining the trigger and tumbler-catch attentively when he heard a step behind. Turning, he saw Kate coming toward him, and, dropping the pistol, he put out his arms to her.

"Kate, my darling," he said brokenly as he held her.

"Dear uncle," she whispered.

"You don't blame me, child?" questioned he fondly.

"Blame you?" she asked in surprise.

"It was my wicked, wicked folly," he went on, a feverish light in his eye. "Our swan turned out a rook; but, by Heaven, I'll clip his wings! I'm an old man, Kate, but I'm a Poins; and a Poins never let a scurilous insult like that—he grasped the "Gazette" that lay crumpled on the table beside him—"pass without resenting it." He looked wildly at her, and she tried to soothe him. "Dick Nevill and I ride to London to-night—to-night. The scoundrel shall not—Why do you look at me so, Kate? Speak, why do—" His hands clutched convulsively at his neck, his face twitched and turned a ghastly white, and a second later he pitched forward on the floor senseless, gashing his head on the heavy table as he fell.

CHAPTER XVII

Kate Rides to London

"IT IS needless to conceal from you, Miss Poins, that your uncle's attack is serious," said the doctor, two hours afterward, as he and Kate stood before the library fire, almost upon the exact spot where Sir Sydney had been seized.

"I fully realize it," answered the girl.

"Very fortunate that gash in the head," went on the kindly little man. "It made the blood flow; I might have been too late but for that. He must be kept very quiet and not allowed to worry."

"Yes," said Kate almost inaudibly.

"Who is this Dick Nevill he's asking for all the while?"

"Lord Kenstone."

"The Marquess?"

"Yes."

"He says he must see him; that he sent word to him and that it is absolutely necessary," said the doctor.

"Yes," replied Kate, "those were his first words on recovering consciousness."

"It would be best, if possible, to send for Lord Kenstone immediately. Perhaps Sir Sydney did send a message to him?"

"I'll make inquiry."

She rang, and Roberts appeared. "Did Sir Sydney send a note to Kenstone Hall this afternoon, do you know, Roberts?"

"Yes, Miss Poins. Not a half-hour before he was taken. Jenkins, the second groom, rode over to Kenstone Hall, and was told that his lordship had left for London two nights ago."

"London!" ejaculated Kate, and the little doctor pursed his lips, screwed his brows and looked bothered.

"Yes, Miss Poins."

"He brought the note back?" she questioned.

"Yes, Miss Poins. I put it on the table there, and forgot to mention it. I was so upset."

"Thank you. That is all, Roberts." She turned to the table, and there was the note addressed to "Colonel, the Marquess of Keyston, Kenstone Hall."

"He is a great friend of your uncle's?" queried the doctor.

"Yes."

"Would he undertake the journey back from London for Sir Sydney's sake?"

"He would do anything in the world for him," answered Kate, the first touch of color that her cheeks had felt for two days showing brightly.

"I think that we had better send for him."

"My uncle is not going to die? Tell me the truth, doctor."

He looked her straight in the eyes with his own honest gray ones and said: "I hope not, Miss Poins; but the presence of Lord Kenstone, upon which his mind seems to be set, is imperative."

"I shall send for him at once," she said.

"Good. And now remember that I don't want two patients on my hands," he said gently.

She gave him a wan little smile. "I'll take good care," said she, and put out her hand.

"I'll be over the first thing in the morning. Good-night."

"Good-night," she said.

He turned back from the door: "If he is awake and restless, you might tell him that Lord Kenstone has been sent for; and you'll write to-night?"

"Yes," answered Kate.

The door closed behind him, and she was alone in the big, high-paneled, silent room. The white, lambent flame of the



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AND "ST. LOUIS" (11,097 TONS), BOTH IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, ALTHOUGH THE "ELAN" WAS IN THE CHANNEL. EXAMPLES OF THE MOST MODERN TYPES OF SHIPS WERE IN REVIEW ORDER. FORTY-TWO WAR SHIPS, INCLUDING FIVE ARMORED CRUISERS, SIX TORPEDO BOATS, SIX TORPEDO



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DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, OUR SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST ABROAD

THE FRENCH NAVY BY PRESIDENT LOUBET, JULY 19

IN WAY, ALTHOUGH DIFFERING RADICALLY IN
MOS TYPES OF FIGHTING MACHINES, THERE
WERE, INCLUDING SEVENTEEN BATTLESHIPS,
SIX TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS, AND A

FLOATING BATTERY. THE VESSELS WERE RANGED IN SEVEN LINES OF A TOTAL LENGTH
OF TWELVE MILES. ADMIRAL GERVAIS RECEIVED THE PRESIDENT ON BOARD THE FLAG-
SHIP "BOUVET." THERE HE DISTRIBUTED DECORATIONS AND COMMENDED THE OFFICERS
AND MEN OF THE FLEET FOR THEIR SKILL AND EFFICIENCY.



eyeballs held her vacant, unspeculative gaze, as she stood there motionless, detached from her sombre setting. Her thoughts were hazily grouping themselves about her uncle's desire to see Nevill. For the first time she noticed the open pistol-case; then the crumpled paper, that had seemed to drive Sir Sydney to such a frenzy, met her eye, and she picked it up, wondering that she had not thought of it before. "French nobleman" were the words that first met her eyes; and on she read with blazing cheeks and a feeling of sickness that, when she had finished, left her shivering and nerveless. The dreadful paragraphs seemed to sear her brain, and she sank into a chair moaning, and covered her face with her hands. It was too horrible. What had she done, what had that gentle old man done to merit such blows? Nothing but to lay their hearts bare. And in that moment of questioning and answer the inevitable reaction surged and resurred through her. She had borne two days of dumb suffering, humble in the thought that perhaps she had no right to ask for more. But this infamy had been put upon them, and blazoned to the world by a man who had accepted their hospitality, to whom they had intrusted their very honor, dry-eyed through two woful nights and days had she endured her pain; but now the angry tears of hate and wounded pride were loosed, and the paroxysm of weeping seemed to shake her very soul.

With it passed every vestige that Honoré de Broisic, with all his arts, had been enabled to make upon her. The generous fire that he had aroused was quenched, and the dead ashes of it scattered heedlessly; nothing remained but hate and contempt. She saw now clearly her uncle's intent, the cause of his sudden attack. The crumpled "Gazette," the pistols, the note to Nevill—all spoke eloquently; and his words came back ringing in her ears: "I'm an old man, Kate, but I'm a Poins, and a Poins never let a scurrilous insult like that pass without resenting it." Was not the Poins blood in her veins, a glory as well as a shame? Was it not her duty to take up her uncle's task—her task, too—where he had dropped it?

She heard steps in the passageway and opened the door. "Send Howson to me at once," she said to the servant who was passing. Sir Sydney's servant came to her a few moments later.

"How is Sir Sydney?" she asked.

"He seems in a sort of stupor," he answered; "but he's testing easily."

"Did Sir Sydney give any orders for a journey to-night, Howson?"

"He told me to pack his portmanteaus and order the post-chaise, Miss Poins."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"To London, Miss Poins."

"I shall go in his place, Howson. Please order the post-chaise to be ready in an hour's time."

"Yes, Miss Poins." He was about to leave her, when his discreetness was overcome. "Shall you make the journey alone, Miss Poins?"

"Miss Tetley will go with me."

"Thank you, Miss Poins."

"And, Howson, I leave Sir Sydney and the house in your charge. I have every confidence in you. I shall be back by Thursday night."

"Very good, Miss Poins."

The lethargy that had drowsed her like some subtle poison, holding her, and crushing volition as well as almost the power of physical movement, now left her. She moved rapidly about her preparations; bade Miss Tetley, whom she found stricken with fear at the new calamity which had fallen upon the house, prepare for their journey; and, when all was in readiness, went softly to her uncle's room and entered. He opened heavy, fluttering eyes as she knelt by his bed and took the long, delicate hand that matched the sheets in whiteness.

"Has Nevill come?" he asked faintly.

"I am going for him, uncle," she said.

"That is a good child," he answered; then after a moment, during which his eyes were closed, "Come closer, dear." She bent her ear to his lips. "He loves you, Kate," said the old man in a whisper; then his eyes closed again and he lay still, only the gentle, regular rise and fall of the silk covering on his breast showing that he breathed.

A long, passionate kiss on the dead hand and she rose. A few hurried, final directions to Howson on the other side of the door, and then she descended the stairs. Her maid held a heavy fur pelisse for her, and Roberts carried out her portmanteaus. The chaise was already drawn up at the door, and Miss Tetley was inside. There was a little group of the house servants on the steps, and she spoke to them as she passed out. Roberts closed the door after her, spoke a word to the postillions—two trusty boys of years' service in the Poins stables—and the light travelling carriage swept rapidly out of the glare of the hall lights and disappeared in the dark.

The vapors of the day had cleared, and a myriad of stars, guarded by a late moon, put to shame the yellow light of the swaying chaise lamps; the odor of damp earth and fresh foliage came through the open shutters on the cool night breeze and chilled the girl's fevered head. Her face was still hot from those last faintly articulated words of Sir Sydney's. But what had she, forlorn love-child that she was, to do with love itself? What had he meant? Was it simply the feeble word of delirium? Could he in any way have known of Lord Kenstone's proposal? The questions whirled in her head to the rhythm of the spinning wheels and the pounding hoofs. She closed her eyes, and held fast to Tetley's hand; then everything seemed to fall away, questionings ceased and she was asleep.

There was no sleep for the devoted Tetley. Through the night's last hours she sat, her hand still clasped by Kate. Stiffened with the cold of the coming morning air, she made no effort to draw the faded rugs about her, for fear of disturbing her companion. Up hill and down they dashed, through sleeping villages and across the sluggish Avon more than once—on they went. The last star twinkled a roguish good night to her, and the rose-tinted sky told her that day was at hand. Little swirls of smoke began to pour from

cottage chimney-pots; they whisked by smocked and gaithered laborers, trudging their way, who stood agape at the flight. Then the sun rose glittering, scattering the morning mists, and brought warmth to her chilled limbs.

At Hungerford the second change of horses was made. The boys took a hasty cup of coffee and a snatch of bacon, while Miss Tetley, still fearing to arouse Kate, kept her seat. Indeed, it was not till well on to eleven, when they pulled up before the "Crown" at Reading, that Kate opened her eyes. She looked wonderingly at Miss Tetley, and strove to collect her dream-scattered thoughts. The bustle of the inn-yard and the rubicund face of the landlord at the chaise-door served in some measure to recall her, and when, a few moments after, they descended and went into a private breakfast-room, the full vision of her mission came back.

None of the enthusiasm of the night before had faded from her, and the racking pain of her mordant disillusionment still throbbed within her; but she looked forward with more trepidation to the interview that was at her journey's end, now that daylight shone upon her resolution, than she had thought possible when surrounded by the friendly walls of Poins House. The recollection of that last parting with Nevill at the terrace steps—not five days before, but seeming an eternity—was strong upon her. What would he think of this mad ride? Would he look upon her intrusion as a fantastical impertinence? She was fortified with Sir Sydney's note to him—written the night before, true—and he had told her of the debt of gratitude he owed her uncle. But did not all men lie? She knew they did. This one was no exception. She would deliver the letter; listen to his excuses for not being able to go to Sir Sydney, then return herself, to die with him, if he should die. Such were the bitter, hopeless thoughts of the last part of the day.

She had hoped to reach the City before dark, but the lights were already gleaming in the windows and along the streets as they drove down Piccadilly and turned into Jermyn Street. The chaise moved slowly, while several inquiries were made as to the location of the Marquess of Kenstone's house; and Kate's heart bounded to her throat when they came to a final stop and one of the boys, dismounting, rapped smartly with the great knocker of the door.

CHAPTER XVIII

Lord Kenstone Begins an Eventful Evening

IN RESPONSE to the summons the door was flung wide, and against the light that streamed from the hallway Kate could see a tall footman in colloquy with the postilion. A moment later the boy turned and came back to the chaise-window.

"E says as his lordship is not at 'ome," he announced. "Not at home?" echoed Kate blankly.

"Yes, miss."

The big footman still stood on the steps looking curiously at the chaise and steaming horses drawn up at the door, and Kate quickly turned the door-handle and stepped to the pavement. She divined that the man's "not at home" was but the perfunctory reply of a careless servant to any one who called at an unusual hour.

"I wish to see Lord Kenstone," she said.

"His lordship is not at home," answered the man, retreating a step and standing in the doorway, as if he feared a forced entrance.

"It is imperative that I should see him at once. Will you not take him my name?"

While the lackey was wavering between the desire to show his own importance in the most imposing light and the fear that perhaps it would be the part of wisdom to at least take in the visitor's name, his function was snatched from him and his pride humbled. Kate caught a glimpse of familiar shoulders passing at the rear of the hall, and, despairing of getting by the keeper of the door, she called out, "Rocket!"

The shoulders stopped, turned, and, sure enough, above them was the wrinkled face of Rocket. He came toward the door quickly.

"It's I, Miss Poins, Rocket. Don't you know me?" she asked eagerly.

"I beg pardon, Miss Poins, I thought I recognized your voice," he said politely, as if it was the most usual thing to hear her voice calling through his master's house.

"I wish to see Lord Kenstone," she said.

"I will inform his lordship immediately," said Rocket; and then to the footman, with a frown that conveyed to the luckless young man that he had been guilty of a frightful error, "Edward, show Miss Poins to the drawing-room."

Edward's discomfiture was further completed when the old valet stepped quietly ahead and obsequiously held aside the heavy curtains for the young lady to pass in. Rocket had been known to do this for a distinguished officer or a duchess, but never for any but the most exalted of the Marquess's visitors, and the humbled young servitor shivered as he thought of the way in which he had bartered the passage to such consequence.

Left alone in the brilliant little parlor, which, with its hangings of yellow silk and numerous mirrors, made the light of a dozen candles seem almost a glare, Kate walked up and down, once more a prey to the fearful forebodings that had kept company with her during the waking part of her journey. A picture of an officer in hussar's uniform caught her eye, at the far end of the room, and she stopped before it, fancying it was a portrait of Lord Kenstone. His laughing eyes shone at her, and his gay, kindly face, but it was another's; his father, she thought, her uncle's friend, and the image brought reassurance to the fluttering girl. So close was her scrutiny that she did not hear the curtains fall behind Nevill as he entered, and he was almost at her side before she knew of his presence.

"My dear Miss Poins," he said, putting out his hand. "You must pardon my delay."

There was no constraint or embarrassment, nothing of the forlorn lover in face or gesture, and as she felt the firm grasp of his big hand, doubts and fears seemed to melt from her.

"It is you, Lord Kenstone, who must pardon this unwonted intrusion," answered she. "But I came from Bath

purposely to see you, and it was impossible for me to time my arrival to a more conventional hour."

"Sir Sydney?" he asked eagerly. "He is ill?"

"Very, and he wants you. Will—will you come?" she faltered.

"At once," said Nevill gravely.

She put out both her hands and swayed like a trembling petal. "Oh, thank you—thank you, Lord Kenstone."

He took her hands gently, and for the first time the gray pallor of her face and the great purple shadows under her eyes filled him with dismay. "You are very tired," he said.

"Very tired," said she.

Nevill pushed a chair toward her and she sank into it. "Are you alone?" he asked after a moment.

"Tetley is in the chaise outside," answered Kate.

"Ah," said he, with an audible little sigh of relief and pleasure. "Then you will dine with me. I will send for her." He rose and pulled the yellow bell-cord.

A servant entered in answer to the summons, and Nevill whispered a few hurried instructions.

"I have a letter for you," said Kate, hardly noticing the noiseless entrance and withdrawal of the footman.

"A letter?"

"From my uncle." She fumbled in the pocket of her pelisse. "He wrote it just before he was taken ill and sent to the Hall, but you were gone."

"I was called to London unexpectedly," answered Nevill, taking the letter. "May I read it?" he asked.

"Yes, please."

He stepped under one of the lighted sconces, and broke the seal. As he unfolded the closely written sheet, and hurriedly scanned the wavering lines, she could see a great flush mount his cheeks and his eyes narrowed, so as to seem almost closed. How much had Sir Sydney told him, she wondered, and strove over to where she was sitting there was trace of no sudden or unusual knowledge in his face and the crimson that had colored it had quite faded away. An enigmatic smile fluttered about his mouth, and Kate marvelled that never before had she noticed the hardness, even cruelty, of that mouth. Its harshness disappeared the moment he spoke to her, however.

"I shall be unable to start for Bath to-night, Miss Poins," said Nevill, seating himself opposite to her.

"You are not going?" she asked, all the old doubts throwing themselves at her pell-mell.

"In this note," he went on, his preoccupation warding off the dismay in her voice and look, "Sir Sydney has asked me to accompany him to London on a matter of business. As Sir Sydney has been prevented from coming I shall attend to the matter myself, acting in his stead, as I know he would wish."

There was a visible constraint in what he said, and the manner of his saying, that did not pass her notice.

"It will prevent your going to Poins House?" said Kate.

"I hope to be able to satisfy Sir Sydney's wishes this evening, and in that event I shall leave for Poins House early to-morrow," answered Nevill.

"I can't thank you, Lord Kenstone, but you take a great burden from me," she said, feeling at last that it was all right, that everything was all right, as long as it was in the hands of this man.

"Don't try to thank me, Miss Poins," Nevill replied in a low voice; "the privilege of serving you is all I ask. I have a little plan to propose," he went on rapidly, as if attempting to recover the impersonal ground from which he had almost slipped, "that I hope you'll approve."

"A plan?"

"Yes. That you and Miss Tetley rest to-night at my sister's, Lady Strathleigh's, house, and in the morning allow me to accompany you on the return journey to Bath."

"I couldn't think of intruding upon Lady Strathleigh's hospitality," answered Kate.

"There would be no question of intrusion," said Nevill earnestly. "My sister would be simply delighted, delighted. Please remember, too, Miss Poins," he continued, a trace of the gay smile that she was accustomed to see on his face showing, "that something of an obligation rests upon you in the matter."

"An obligation, Lord Kenstone?"

"I have told you what a debt of gratitude has been imposed upon us by your uncle. Is it quite generous to snatch from us this chance opportunity of some small requital?"

Kate saw that under his exaggerated words there was real feeling for his request, and she yielded, perhaps with less protest than might have been, if body and spirit had not been driven to the uttermost limits. Then, too, it was but a small thing to do, to so gratify him, who was doing so much for her and hers; and lodgings for the night would have to be sought somewhere.

"I will go to Lady Strathleigh's," she said, "but I can't accept her hospitality and yours as an obligation upon any of us."

Of a sudden an overpowering desire had swept over her to stand on the same human level with this young soldier, who gave and took with such an air of perfect consideration and courtesy, with so much candor and simplicity.

"I don't understand, Miss Poins," said Nevill, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Friendship knows no obligations, Lord Kenstone," she answered, looking at him frankly; and he could not snatched her in his arms, if the honor of his roof had not been concerned. "I want your friendship—always," she said.

For answer he slowly took her gloved hand to his lips, and the casuist must decide whether there was anything in his fervor but the seal of a very beautiful loyalty.

An hour later Nevill was tapping at the door of the Countess of Strathleigh's boudoir. "It's Dick," he said through the panels.

"Oh, in a moment, dear," came the muffled answer; then her maid opened the door, stepped discreetly by him, and he went into the dainty rose-colored little room that glowed in the soft light of shaded candles. Martia was seated before her dressing mirror, holding a glass in one hand, while with

he other she was arranging the last intricate knot of an elaborate hair-dressing. She drew her head back with a smile of welcome as he came in.

"How you wonderful boy, what can you want this hour of the night?" said she.

"Yes," answered Nevill, laconically, kissing her.

"Me?" answered Martia comically.

"Yes, I want you to do something for me."

"Anything," she answered.

"Sir Sydney Poins is very ill. His niece, Kate Poins, has just come from Bath with the news for me, and a most important message from Sir Sydney."

"Yes," said Martia, feeling his seriousness.

"I want you to ask Miss Poins and her companion, Miss Tetley, to spend the night here."

"Why, my dear Dick, certainly," she said.

"Where's Miss Poins?"

"At my house," answered Nevill.

"The poor child is tired out from her journey. She and Miss Tetley dined there. I want you to go back with me to fetch them."

"They and I are going to the Russian Ambassador's at eleven," said Martia, a little doubtfully.

"I want you to give that up, dear. I want Strathleigh's help to-night in some rather important business. Do you mind very much? Am I asking a great deal?"

Something in his voice made her vaguely uneasy. She rose and went over to him.

"What's it, Dick?" said she gently.

It came to him then that perhaps he might be talking to this sister, who had always been such a precious thing in his eyes, for the last time, and he held her very close and kissed her and said: "It is nothing, nothing, Martia, but you'll do what I ask?"

"Yes," she answered. "I'll be ready to go with you in ten minutes."

"Good," said he. "My chariot is at the door. Where is Strathleigh?"

"In his room, I think."

"I'll go to him," said Nevill. "You're very good to me, sis," he added, turning as he stood in the doorway.

"Not good enough," said she, smiling at him, and thinking that never before had he seemed so wonderfully handsome.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP

"COURTESY, Miss Brandreth, that you were a little jealous of Miss Helmuth yesterday."

"What? Of that flighty, conceited little piece? And, anyway, how could I be when she's my dearest friend?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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DARK DAYS IN CHINA



IT IS NOT too much to say that during most of this summer the thoughts of the world have been focused on China, and that the dim and vague notions which numbers of people have hitherto entertained about the vast Empire girdled by its mighty wall, and intrenched in the fastnesses of an impregnable conservatism, have been wonderfully illuminated. In that old city of Pekin, where women and children of the white race were so long shut up in the compound of the British Legation, bravely defended against a horde of ruthless barbarians, what tragedies have been enacted, what weary days and nights of anxiety have been spent! Even yet we have little knowledge of those dark days; their full story will probably never be told. But one feature stands out conspicuously, and that is the heroism and self-restraint of civilization, the underlying rock stratum of courage which the modern man and woman, born and bred in a Christian country, possess as a matter of course. The European and the American in common share the birthright which endows the educated classes with fortitude, calmness, scorn of danger, and patience in the midst of calamity, so that when the crisis comes, the sybarite, the child of luxury, the woman fastidious in her refinement, the man used to every accompaniment of ease and wealth, bear unflinchingly whatever befalls.

Our foreign missionaries are representatives of the finest flower of modern culture. From the universities and colleges go forth to this field, in the spirit of knights errant, the picked men, the most brilliant women. The field of medical missions has attracted the graduates of the best schools, and especially is the gifted woman physician found where she may minister to her own sex—in India, in Korea, China and Japan. No angel from heaven could do more beneficial work in a place of darker suffering and deeper wretchedness than she. For the women of the East have the worst of it in every phase of their dwarfed and cramped existence. The inferior sex, in the view of their lords and masters, they must be content with second best conveniences in their living, with the barest necessities, the cot on the mud floor or in the gloomy inner rooms of the house, the left-over food after the husband has feasted, and the odds and ends of everything, and this quite as surely in the higher as in the lower ranks of society. The woman physician, by right of her healing art, is admitted where no other stranger may go, and she carries with her much more than relief for bodily pain. That some of these benevolent women have been massacred among the missionaries whose brows have won the martyr's aureole adds to the poignancy of our regret to-day. Heavy is the price which must be paid before China's darkness shall be rifted with the light which saves. Yet a new day is laboring in travail before the dawn, and children born in America in 1900 will see, before they have attained their majority, not a broken and divided China, but a China reconstructed and in line with the march of the modern ages. And to this end the missionaries, living or dying, will have contributed.

PRISONS FOR WOMEN

AN EFFORT is on foot in Brooklyn to obtain a separate prison for women offenders. Hitherto the unfortunate women who have been arrested for crimes against the law have been herded in the same prisons with malefactors of the opposite sex, and little has been done toward their reformation. Mrs. Darwin R. James, whose name is conspicuous in movements for the elevation of the city, and Mrs. Estelle Meury, who devotes her time to the visitation of prisoners and the rescue of the tempted, have brought the matter to the attention of the proper authorities, and it is to be hoped that a woman's prison will be granted. In the ideal state to which civilized society tends there will be no occasion for jails and penitentiaries, and women will require no such restraints as their bars provide. Nor, for that matter, will men. But it is yet a far cry to that day.

POLICEMEN AND CATS

IN A LITTLE town in New Jersey, one morning this summer, a mother, seeing one of her children attacked and, as she thought, in peril, flew to its defense with rage and fury fanned by fear. She was only a little mother, and her weapons were those with which Nature had furnished her; namely, teeth and claws. But two valiant men in uniform demolished her with their clubs, and then, to make sure that she was dead, fired three bullets into her poor head. Her motherless babies were probably drowned. The wounds which she inflicted in her maternal passion, being made on human beings, were regarded with pity by all beholders, and were cauterized by a doctor who apprehended no serious results from them to the victims. They, be it noted, began the trouble; for the poor little mother was only a beautiful Maltese cat, ordinarily of very amiable disposition, and her babies were kittens.

SQUIRREL PIES

MR. KIPLING has spoken of the incorrigible and well-nigh universal habit of the New England farmer to kill

whatever living thing comes in his way, if it wear fur or feathers. His impulse is to rush for his gun and to put a bullet into squirrel or bird, or any other denizen of the woods and fields which tempts him to try his skill as a marksman. Therefore, says this keen-eyed observer, are the forests silent and the meadows dull. In a mountain region of the Catskills, a few years ago, gray squirrels leaped fearlessly from bough to bough, and the little chipmunk darted in and out along the stone walls, a surprise and delight; now one sees few of these graceful little creatures, nor is one often aware of a rabbit scuttling away through the underbrush. The farmers' guns have decimated the numbers of the wood-folk, and before long they will be practically exterminated. Why should not women teach their boys—the only men they have actually under their hands—that there are better forms of sport than those which exist only for the sake of destroying the helpless?

SUUS CINQUE MOS

IN ACCORD with this instinct of the hunter which seems dormant in most boys and men, a lad of seventeen the other day had a fierce struggle with a magnificent blue heron, which nearly vanquished him, and which he killed by strangulation after a terrible conflict. The heron, strictly attentive to its own business, pounced from the morning sky upon a fish in a pond, and was sailing off with its prey when a stone hurled by the boy struck it full in the breast. It dropped the fish and attacked the boy, fighting with talons, beak and wings. The boy came off conqueror, and, when he recovered his strength, dragged home his prize, which stood four feet high and measured six feet when its pinions were outspread. Undoubtedly the lad showed pluck and courage, but why did he interfere with the bird? It had a right to its free life, and one regrets that the boy is exceptional who would not have thrown the stone.

The mother who sees her offspring wantonly killing frogs—poor, stupid things with no fight in them—or showing cruelty to bird or beast or insect, is fostering the spirit of Quilp, than whom no more dastardly type ever flourished in fact or was described in fiction.

The sportsman's instinct, being almost universal, is not to be wholly condemned. Sports and legitimate hunting develop endurance, indifference to hardship and presence of mind in an exigency, and these qualities belong to the really manly man. The true sportsman is not wantonly cruel nor recklessly wasteful of life, and he seeks to inflict no prolonged suffering. Unerring skill of eye and hand, pluck, indifference to personal comfort, and an intimate acquaintance with Nature in her various moods are among the net results to the sportsman. Still, of most of these good things he is no monopolist; the scientific observer, the botanist and the geologist may lay claim to the same assets.

OUR DUTY TO OUR DAUGHTER

ELABORATE dressing and jewelry are out of place and are not in good taste for a schoolgirl. A watch is a convenience, and does not come under the head of ornamental jewelry.

Toilet articles, brushes, combs, tooth-brush, her favorite soap and cologne or violet water, talcum powder, sponge, and whatever she is accustomed to use when at home, should form part of a schoolgirl's outfit.

Do not let your young daughter leave home for school life without her sacred books—her prayer-book and Bible and daily manual. More than ever, when absent from her mother, she should daily seek a quiet time for devotions, and thus be armed against every ill and fitted for pure womanhood.

Before she goes from her mother's home to abide under another roof every young girl should learn the lesson of reverence for her body. Certain needs of the physical life cannot be ignored with impunity. A resident physician in a young lady's school will sedulously look after the health of the pupils, but a prime requisite is common-sense on the part of girls themselves, and, added to this, they should be in possession of needful knowledge. The body is a machine, which, like any other, repays its owner if well cared for and kept in good order.

HISTORY IN NEEDLEWORK

BY MRS. L. BARTON WILSON

THE arts and crafts of a people are so much a part of their lives that when they are removed by a few centuries they become interesting not alone to the artist and craftsman, as showing the development of a particular kind of work, but to the student of human nature and history also. This is true of work done in the shop, of a trade or craft carried on by men in the fields or on the sea, but when it comes to the work of women developed in the home and by the fireside, the importance of it as setting forth both the toil and poetry of their lives can hardly be overestimated. For needlework is most practical and useful as well as ornamental, and may be considered both an art and a craft.

The home life of a people is, after all, the real index of their character and the standard by which a civilization may be judged, and needlework was, and still is, a home industry, notwithstanding the machine and the factory which seek to imitate handwork.



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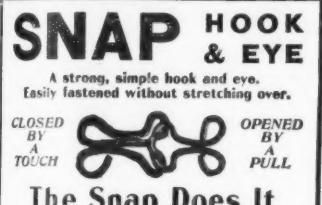
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A SCHOOLGIRL'S OUTFIT

A young girl going away to school does not need many frocks. For every-day wear she

In many cases the artist knows little of the history of his art, and some people seem to think this greatly to his credit. They say: Let us be original, forget what has been done and go to nature for our motifs and inspiration. If it were possible to do this it would be an unworthy lack of appreciation for a legacy and a throwing away of very precious material. But in spite of this one-sided view of some artists, the historian himself is obliged to admit at times that embroidered canvases tell a very important and vivid story.

An instance of this is the famous "Bayeux Tapestry," which is, after all, not a tapestry, but an embroidery. By the way, tapestries and embroideries are quite different things, though the terms are often used interchangeably, as in this case, and in that of the so-called embroideries of the Spanish Armada, which are in reality tapestries.

A tapestry is a fabric into which a design has been woven; that is, the design is the woof and is threaded into the warp of strained cords. Thus it is an integral part of the fabric, while in embroidery the design is imposed on the surface of a finished fabric, sewed into a ground which is already complete in itself. Tapestry lovers often contend that tapestries are therefore more valuable than embroideries, but this is not necessarily so; it depends upon the quality of the embroidery. Embroidery ought not to be loosely related to its ground; it ought to be so wrought that it becomes an inseparable part of the ground, and any embroidery which is not is unworthy of the name. Looping stitches on a surface can never be the result of skilful work, and an imposed decoration which impresses one as an added something has not been properly executed.

The so-called Bayeux Tapestry is valuable chiefly for its great antiquity and for the story it tells. It tells it in such a wonderfully personal way, and it is so easy to imagine the deep interest. Matilda, the queen, had in the conquests of her lord as she learned the details by heart and portrayed them in needlework. The old embroidery is only about twenty inches wide by two hundred and twenty seven feet long. It is worked in crews, and is a picture story of the contentions of William the Norman with Harold from the time of the latter's accession to the Conquest.

The serious historian may contend, and rightly, that it is more delightful than profitable to draw history from ballads and pictures, and may point out the dangers of the historical drama and novel; but the work of the hands is more than the result of fancy founded on history. It is the direct portrayal of individual taste, and mirrors forth, as not even written words can do, the degree of intelligence and skill a people have received. "Manners and costume" is a sub-division we often note running through a historical work, which certainly proves that those who study peoples recognize the important place textile fabrics and the use to which they are put hold as a standard by which to place them.

The Bayeux Tapestry and the embroideries of the Spanish Armada, then, may be considered specifically historical, and so clearly so that he who runs may read; but it is not this actual history which is of greatest interest, it is the unconsciously written history which is of priceless value, and fabrics are open books filled with this sort of writing.

As an example of this consider the Japanese and Chinese work. In this we see spontaneity and rigidity wonderfully blended. These people have a marvellous faculty of grasping an idea and of so appreciating its essentials that by expressing these in half a dozen lines they portray more than can be found on many elaborate canvases. But once they have arrived at this vivid expression of a form or composition, they hold it forever and never modify a line or color.

In the Italian embroidery we find a wonderful development of the perfect and well-balanced taste by which we know it; in the needlework of Spain the gorgeousness and splendor of the people; and so we might characterize all the nations by their needlework.

The possibilities of what may be accomplished in needlework by the woman of America are very great. We have been from Colonial days writing history with the little point so much finer than the pen's point. We have already a distinctively American needlework, which is more than we can definitely state of most of the other branches of art. Our broad and suggestive work on table linen is a surprise to English workers, who exclaim, "How much can be told by what is left out!" The elaborate European work leaves almost nothing to the imagination, so one misses, in looking at it, the great satisfaction of supplying a part for one's self. Even an uncultivated observer feels, if unable to analyze the feeling—yet feels the mental stimulus of being led to think rather than to behold a complete work to which nothing in the way of suggestion is left unsupplied. We ought to feel encouraged to continue the good work already begun and so develop a national needlework, not leaving out of account all we have inherited, but adding to this by our study of nature—the never-failing source of design—and from our rich storehouse of cultivated modern taste.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S OUTFIT

A young girl going away to school does not need many frocks. For every-day wear she

should have two wool or sorge costumes of dark color, prettily made, two or three shirt-waists to wear with short cloth skirts, and a loosely-fitting dress for the gymnasium. For church and visiting, she will require precisely the same dress she would need at home—something simple, yet becoming—and, if there are occasional evening receptions at school, she should have for them a white frock made high and trimmed with ribbon and embroidery. Her changes of underclothing, stockings, handkerchiefs, and the little accessories which every girl prizes, should be the same as at home, except that she will need one-third more of everything, as, in absence, a wardrobe cannot be easily replenished. Every article must be plainly marked. A thick jacket, stout boots, golf cap and rain cloak are necessities. Hats should be very simple, and two are enough—a toque or felt hat for every day and a dainty little hat for Sunday, though the latter may be done without. Even in very cold weather, college girls flit bareheaded from class to class and are none the worse.

LOVE

BECAUSE I love thee, I can stay
Silent beside thee half a day.

Because I fully comprehend
Thy moods and inner thought, my friend.

I have no need for look or speech;
Thy soul through space my own can reach.

Should seas and lands between us lie,
The steadfast stars still burn on high,

And while they light their lamps of flame
Thy love and mine were yet the same.

Because I love thee, I can stay
Content, though thou art far away.

THE RED-HAIRED LADY

RED HAIR is a gift of the gods. The woman to whom this rare endowment has brought the accompanying gift of a fine, close-grained skin and a clear complexion, with glorious brown eyes, need ask no odds of any one. She belongs in the line with the historic beauties of the centuries. Red hair and blue eyes are a charming combination, but red hair and brown eyes are beyond all things fascinating.

The girl with red hair should avoid lavenders, purples, yellow-greens and indeterminate browns and grays. She may not wear pink in any of its shades, but deep ruby-red and any of the wine tints which omit purple are very becoming to her. Red suits her if it is opaque, and so do dark and dull shades of green, while white is her especial choice and sets off wonderfully her radiant style and glowing beauty.

THE MANNERS OF OUR GIRLS

A good deal of criticism is bestowed upon the manners of the modern girl, and she is declared to be hoydenish, independent and wanting in those gentle qualities which enhance youth and feminine grace. But in every period there have been loud-voiced and gushing young women whose lack of polish has made them something like the bouncing Bets of society, and who have done themselves despite by their forwardness and want of poise. The girl who punctuates her conversation with college slang, and who affects mannish airs, is by no means a novelty. She has always existed, and is only a little more in evidence now than formerly because our healthful outdoor life brings girls to the front more conspicuously than was the case when girls sat and stitched at the long white seam behind closed doors.

I notice among the girls of the better educated classes a much more pronounced deference for their elders and a much more winsome yielding to their mothers than the mothers themselves used to show. At heart our American young woman has always been loyal and loving, willing to bear burdens, willing to take a daughter's full share in the family affairs. But mothers were of old prone to abdicate early in life. The entertainment of guests, the choice of dress, the home management, aside from the kitchen, was largely given over to the young ladies; and at one time, chaperonage was flouted as both needless and an insult to girls who were quite capable of looking out for themselves. Gradually a change has come to pass, as society becomes less crude, and a leisure class has set an example to our hard-working people. The chaperone is no longer resented. She is a welcome and usual addition to parties of young people, and girls would be ashamed to treat their mothers with anything approaching rudeness. Mamma's opinion is asked, mamma is quoted, mamma gives or withholds her consent to requests, and mademoiselle acquiesces most pleasantly.

The well-bred girl does not take the lead in conversation, nor make herself the central figure in a company. She is not disagreeably assertive, nor clamorous for her own way. Wherever one meets her, one finds her cheerful, sweet, quiet and refined, and the other sort of girl is the exception.

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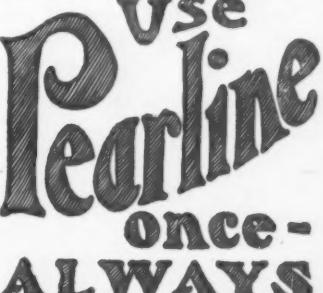


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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

GOING TO WAR IN CHINA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

Shortly after the Admiral came a part of the British-Chinese regiment which has been recruited and drilled at Wei-hai-Wei. That was game worth the bagging, and the Chinese gunners sent some shells after their countrymen from Shantung in short order.

They burst beautifully over the bridge, but a little too late, for the target was already on the other side.

By this time I was inside the roundhouse at the railway station, looking at the rents which had been made by shells from the railway bridge battery. There was not a square yard of the wall toward the batteries which had not a fracture. I had just stepped outside and sat down to chat with one of the officers in command of the Hong Kong Native Indian Regiment, when bang-smash! went a shell against the other wall, and fragments of shell and brick were driven through the tin roof, already as full of holes as a pepper cover. Barring the dust and the noise, we were not inconvenienced, as the shell had not enough force to carry it through the second wall after bursting upon contact with the first. Then, on top of the other, bang-smash! came a second in nearly the same spot. We were not, though we decidedly seemed to be, nearer to death than the man who looks down into the street from one of New York's skyscrapers. Her Majesty's big Patsans and Punjaubis were lying under the shade of matting shelters behind their works, some chattering and some sleeping; the standing order to all British troops being not to fire unless there is a general attack. The day before, two of the Indians had been killed and four wounded, all by sniping rifle-fire, when they exposed themselves either in going or coming on an errand or unnecessarily. On the other hand, it seems to be a matter of conscience with the French to fire away their ammunition as quickly as they can. The regular French troops here are from Saigon in Indo-China, and without exception the dirtiest that we have. A Turk or a ragamuffin of the quays in Naples could not have less sympathy with sanitary or personal cleanliness. They are recruited from the canaille of the Southern provinces, and naturally do not compare very well with the French troops that you see in France.

PALMER IN A HOT
CORNER

The second shell to hit the roundhouse seemed to be the last, and so my companion and myself started back to town. We had gone only a few yards when we changed our plans abruptly. "Crack-ung!" split the air over our heads, and thriz-z-z! fragments flew about. There was a trench at our feet, and we dropped into it without stopping for consultation. "The Chinks," as everybody calls the enemy, had concluded to drop a little steel on the inner side of the roundhouse, on the speculation that there might be something there worth wrecking, wounding or killing. "One—two—three," in the regular order of fire, are usually all they put into one spot unless it is a battery. So, after the third, we went our way in peace back to the Concession without any unpleasant reminders except a few stray bulletts.

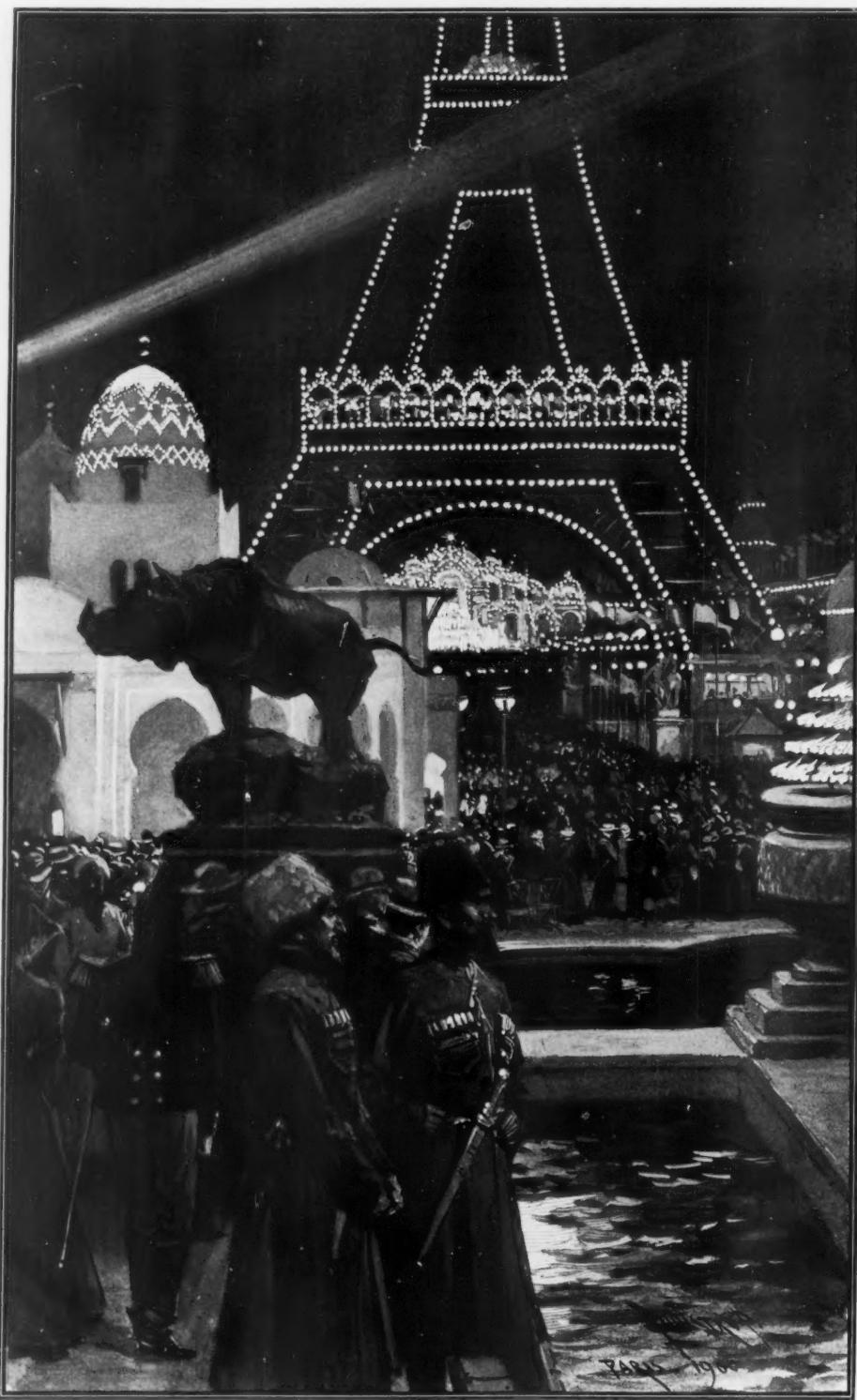
The great incident of the afternoon comes to me by report and not observation. Mr. Cossack, who, they say, would like to get the railway out of English control, already occupies the line in an attitude of "nine points of the law." There were two locomotives at the station which had not yet been damaged by shell-fire. The Russians, with four field guns and a skirmish line, started out toward the railway bridge batteries as if they meant to take them at any cost. As soon as the Russians were in range the Chinese guns opened with all their might. The Russians seemed to fall back, and the Chinese thought they had won a great victory, until they happened to look over toward the railway station. There they saw two locomotives manned by Russians, with three flat cars, making from the station to safety down the line toward Tongku. They turned their guns and trained them

with most praiseworthy agility on the real enemy. They dropped shells all around those locomotives as they flew out of range, without hitting them or harming a hair of the Cossacks' heads. It was a pleasant trick for the Russian general to play, and the manning of the train a fine thing for the Cossack to do. With all his rough edges, you yet grow fond of the Cossack. He is blue-eyed and light-haired—and that is a great deal—a born joker, ready to fight anything, used to brown bread and hardship, not knowing as luxuries the necessities of our own troops soldier as a Viking, and altogether the happiest soldier in the world.

We have had a few more shells than yesterday. Only half

a few yards to one side of the ammunition train. Three horses went down; two from fright and one from wounds. That was all the damage done, except a stampede which the little Japs controlled with the deftness that characterizes all they do as soldiers. If that shell had struck on the macadamized street itself just in front of the train its power for evil would have been terrible. In one instance, it spends itself in the turf; in the other, it scoops up a quantity of fragments of rock which it turns into missiles that fly forward with its own segments and bullets.

Not long after the Japs went out, we heard that the 12 pounders were going to turn their shells on the native city at



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS

THE PARIS EXPOSITION AT NIGHT—Looking from the Pont d'Iena, toward the Eiffel Tower and along the Champ de Mars. In the background, the Chateau d'Eau—one of the principal decorative features of the Exposition—is seen brilliantly illuminated

an hour ago one passed the window at a rate of speed which

suggested that it was in a hurry to overtake a man down the road.

THE JAPS START AFTER THE "CHINKS"

July 6.—Up to 10.30 A.M. we had peace. That is, the four big guns of position in the native city restricted their attention to the other end of town. At 10.30, they paid their compliments to us for fifteen minutes. At 11, the spick and span Japanese pony batteries, ammunition, guns, extra parts, spades and medical attachment started out toward the west wall. The Chinese signallmen saw them. Two or three shells went over their heads and then came one just between ours and our neighbor's house, and threw up a spout of dust

Tongku and Taku. The reconstruction of the railway from Tongku to Tien-tsin is not further along than it was a week ago. As yet we have no telegraph line to Tongku. It is out of the question to say that any one of the eight nations—if we make two or three Continental exceptions—is not more enterprising than this when working alone. At the same time, the poor tools that we have at hand brings up again the ever dominant fact that what we have here is not an army, but some soldiers and marines sent by their several countries to march to Pekin. Now we are preparing to "begin all over again," and when we do, and begin right, we shall make short shrift of our enemy, we think.

Personally, I am more interested at this moment in the precise hour that the guns near Dedting's house will open



U. S. CAVALRY FOR CHINA



THE SCENES depicted here are of particular interest. They represent various phases in the drill and exercise of our cavalrymen on the old Spanish Presidio at San Francisco, who are now on their way to China—some of them, perhaps, never to come back; others, it may be, to return with greater honor reflected on them than it has yet fallen to the American soldier to achieve on a foreign soil. These scenes are also of interest to the artist and the horseman. Hitherto the war-horse of the conventional art-

tist has been wellnigh an impossible creature. The poses and attitudes in which the typical battle-horse has been delineated have for the most part been untrue to nature. Here the horse is seen as he is, with his rider, climbing steep banks, leaping formidable obstacles. In both are seen vigor and daring, and determination to overcome resistance or overtake a fleeing foe. To the man with the spirit of a true horseman such a spectacle is an inspiration, creating in him the aspiration to rival and excel even the most difficult and dangerous feats. It was such a spirit that animated the horsemen of all the great periods of history, springing from a sense of power, the result of that complete harmony between man and horse which beokens the ideal cavalier.

The riding of the American cavalry is perhaps the best of

any army. It is a combination of the Indian and Mexican styles, adopted after long experience in frontier campaigns. On several occasions in Luzon, a small body of troopers under Miles has carried towns simply by the onward sweep of their charge, clearing every obstacle in their way with reckless audacity. With such qualities, they may be expected to give a good account of the Manchu horsemen with whom they may come in contact in China, for neither by training nor the weight of their horses can the latter sustain the shock of a charge by our men. The wiry and nimble little horses of Mongolia and Manchuria are hardy and capable of great endurance, but are too light either to deliver effectively or receive a charge of such large and heavy horses as those on which our men are mounted.

As regards the rôle of cavalry generally in modern war, there is a very great diversity of opinion. Quick-firing guns and magazine rifles have, it is believed, ended the days of cavalry charges, except under circumstances so exceptional that they can be expected to occur very rarely on a ranged battlefield. So uncertain is the part which cavalry may have to play in modern war that in no two of the great armies of Europe is there a concord of opinion as to the best arm for the cavalry soldier. In the last great war in Europe—the Franco-German of 1870-71—the cavalry on both sides, notably the French at Gravelotte, executed charges which in dash and heroism equalled any recorded in history, and with effective results; but the artillery and infantry armament has vastly changed since those days, and such displays of devotion and valor are hardly any longer within the bounds of possibility. In the South African war it was thought that the British cavalry, reckoned among the best in the world, was going to play a

prominent part; but in practice the Boer with his magazine rifle has proved more than a match for the highly trained cavalryman, and the principal fighting has fallen to the lot of that modern hybrid, the mounted infantry soldier. So impressed have European military men been by the wonderful success of the Boers, that in the Russian, German and French armies some adaptation of Boer armament and tactics has already begun. In Russia, especially, where the immense proportion of horses facilitates it, the organization of mounted infantry corps is understood to have been already begun, and previously to the Boer war many of the dragon regiments of the Russian army were being armed and drilled to act as mounted infantry somewhat after the Boer fashion.

The motive for these changes is to be found in the part cavalry is intended to play in war. As a rule, it is not in the ordinary maneuvering of an army, when circumstances are generally foreseen, that the cavalry play the most important part, but in the capacity and audacity with which it performs the duties of what have been called the eyes of an army, in discerning the object and scope of an enemy's movements while skilfully concealing those of its own side.

Should the operations now going on in China be prolonged, our American cavalry soldiers will have opportunities of observation and comparison among their comrades of the different foreign armies, and if they see methods that are better than their own way of doing things, their quick intelligence will enable them to grasp and profit by them. We doubt, however, whether they are not more likely to serve as models than to be imitators. But, in any case, we have full confidence that they will do honor to the old flag.



TRAINING UNITED STATES CAVALRY TROOPS AT THE PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



A FISHING ADVENTURE

By STEPHEN CRANE



OUR MEN once upon a time came into the wilderness seeking for pickerel. They proceeded to a pond which is different from all other ponds in the world, excepting the remaining ponds in Sullivan County.

A scrawny stone dam, clinging in apparent desperation to its foundation, wandered aimlessly across a wild valley. In the beginning, the baffled waters had retreated to a dense forest. Consequently, the four men confronted a smooth sheet of water from which there upreared countless gray, haggard tree-trunks. Squat stumps in multitudes idly stretched lazy roots over the surface of the water. All manner of weeds throttled the lilies and dragged them down. Great pine trees came from all sides to the pond's edge. Floating logs and sticks bumped gently against the careering dam.

In their journey, the four men encountered a creature, his person concealed behind an enormous straw hat; he with a voice as from a tomb demanded in sepulchral accents to be hired to assist them in their quest. They agreed to accept his services.

From an inner recess of the bank he then produced a blunt-edged boat, painted a very light blue, in accordance with Sullivan County aesthetics. Two sculls, whittled with a penknife from docile pine boards, lay under the seats. Pegs were driven into the boat's sides at convenient rowlock intervals.

In deep, impressive tones the disguised individual told the four men that, to his certain knowledge, the best way to catch pickerel was to "skidder fur 'em from them there stumps." So the four men climbed into the beautiful blue boat and the disguised manœuvred his craft over the waters until he had laid out four large, low-spreading stumps to the four men with fishing-tackle. He then repaired to a fifth stump, to which he tied his boat, and, perching himself upon the stump-top, valiantly attacked a worm and mildewed corn-cob, adored with black tobacco, which smote the chests of the four men, all within hailing distance.

The sun beamed merrily upon the rifled waters, towering tree-trunks and the low-lying stumps. Troops of blue and silver neophytes damed over the surface of the pond. Down in the waters, millions of moss-branches waved gently and hid mysteries. The four men sat and "skidded." The individual puffed tremendously at his pipe. Ever and anon, one of the four would cry ecstatically or swear dreadfully, and his fellows, upon standing to gaze at him, would either find him holding in joyous fingers a stout fish or struggling with a hook and line entangled in the hordes of grasping weeds. Sticks and stumps at the bottom of the pond.

They fished until the sun slunk down behind some tree-tops and peered at them like the face of an angry man over a

hedge. They had good fortune, for the pickerel is a voracious fish, his only faults being in method. He has a habit of furiously charging the fleetest bit of glitter and then darting under a log or around a corner with it.

Each one of the four had mighty strings of fish. The individual sat enthroned, cross-legged, on his stump all day, pipe in mouth. From time to time, in hollow tones, he would venture suggestions, ask questions, relate anecdotes, or volunteer information about his domestic life, with great abruptness, as the inspiration struck him. About noontime he corralled the entire outfit on one huge stump, where they lunched. Later, he distributed them about, each to his personal stump.

They fished. He contemplated the scene. Occasionally he made observations which rang across the waters to them in base solos.

Toward the close of the day he grew silent and evidently thoughtful. When the sun had slid down until it threw a red flare among the trees, one of the four men stood up and shouted to the individual:

"You had better take us ashore now."

The other three repeated: "Yes, take us ashore."

The individual raised himself on his stump suddenly, and, waving a black bottle around his head, roared:

"You fellers—hic—kin all go—hic—ter blazerh!"

There were a few moments of intense silence. Then the man who had stood up drew a long, deep breath and sat down heavily. The rest were frozen in silence.

The night came creeping over the tree-tops. The stillness of evening rested upon the water. The individual began to curse in deep, maudlin tones.

"Dern fools," he said, "dern fools! Why don'ter g'home?"

"He's full as a fiddle," said a little man on the third stump. The rest groaned in reply. They all sat facing the stump whereon the individual perched, berating them with gigantic oaths.

Occasionally he would take another drink from the inexhaustible bottle.

"Shay, you'm fine lot fellers," he would cry. "Why blazerh don'ter g'home?"

The little man on the third stump had been deeply thoughtful for a few moments. He now got up and made oration. He, in the beginning, elaborated the many good qualities which he alleged the individual possessed. Then he painted graphically the pitiful distress and utter woe of the four men in their plight. Later he described the reward due to the individual if he would relieve them, and finally ended with an earnest plea to the humanity of the individual.

The individual struggled to his feet and cried: "G'home, dern fool!"

The little man sat down and swore crimson oaths.

Then, in chorus, the four men entreated, plead, threatened, cursed and berated. All to no purpose. The individual called them names and told them to "g'home." He drank deeply.

The night-wind sighed and began to moan, and clouds bearing a load of rain appeared in the lofty heavens. The four men shivered and turned up their coat collars.

All those things which come forth at night began to make noises. Unseen animals scrambled and splashed among the debris on the water. Crooked, slimy sticks seemed to squirm like snakes. The four men began to feel that they were sitting on live things. A legion of frogs and tree-toads chanted a solemn dirge on the pond's edge. The little man started up and shrieked that all creeping things were crawling about inside his stump. Each felt himself alone and at the mercy of unseen horrors, which were approaching at his back.

The individual was still drinking and hoarsely singing. At different times they labored with him. It availed them naught. To each other they broached various plans for escape, but they gazed down into the black water and thought that it seemed with slimy life. They shuddered and sat still.

A ghost-mist came and hung above the water. In the shadows, the pond began to look like a vast graveyard, the tree-trunks turning to aged marble pillars and monuments. Fireflies began to look like wisp-lights, dancing over the graves, and then, taking regular shapes, appeared like the brass nails in crude caskets.

The individual began to gibber. A gibber in a bass voice appalls the stoutest heart.

The little man began to sob, another grieved, and the remaining two, being timid by nature, swore great lurid oaths which blazed against the sky.

Suddenly the individual sprang up and gave tongue to a dreadful yell, which raised the hair on the four men's heads and caused the surface of the water to ruffle. Clattering frenziedly, he sprang into the boat and, grasping an oar, paddled frantically to the little man's stump. He jumped out and cowered at the little man's feet.

"Stumps turned into an octopus. I was a-settin' on his mouth," he said.

The little man kicked him.

"Legs all commenced wriggle'n twine 'round me. Dern octopus!" meant the shrunken individual.

The little man kicked him.

The others cried out to the little man, so he desisted, and, climbing into the boat, sculled about and collected his companions. They then proceeded back to the stump whereon the individual lay, staring wild-eyed across the water at his octopus. They gathered his limp form into the boat and rowed ashore.

"How far is it to the nearest house?" they demanded savagely of the individual.

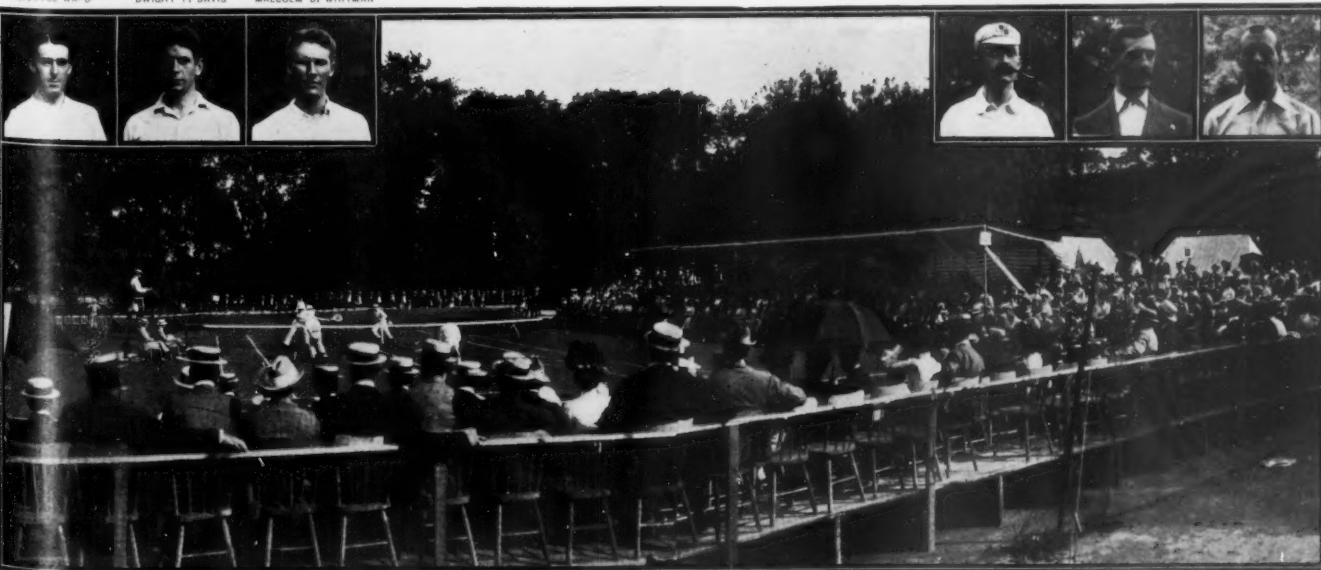
"Four miles," he replied in a voice made of camp-damp.

They cursed him and built a great fire of pine sticks. They sat by it all night, and listened to the individual, who dwelt in phantom shadows by the water's edge, dimly crooning about

"An octopus."

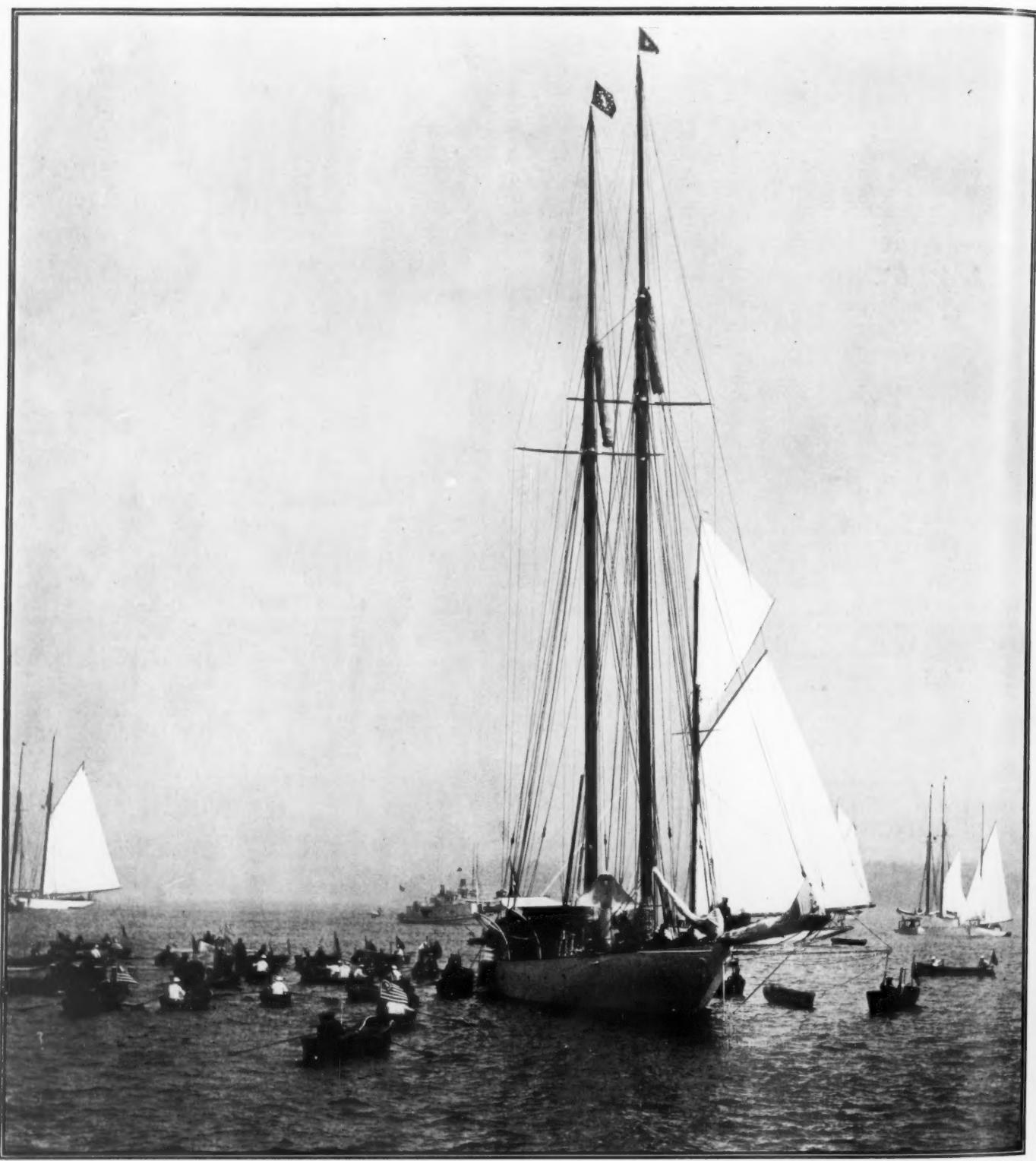
THE International Tennis Tournament, which was to have opened on the Longwood Grounds on Tuesday, August 7, was postponed until Wednesday on account of rain. On that day, upon rather heavy courts, the Americans decisively defeated the Englishmen, Dwight F. Davis beating E. D. Black 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4, while M. D. Whitman won in three straights over A. W. Gore 6-1, 6-3, 6-2. The most notable feature of the Americans' superiority lay in the service, neither of the Englishmen being able to fully master the intricacies of this specialty even after two sets had been played. Of the two games, that played by Whitman in defeating Gore left one feeling more impressed with the superiority of the victor than did the one in which Davis defeated Black. Davis was brilliant as usual, but when Black lobbed to him he fell into his old fashion of netting the ball. Black seldom came up to the net, playing a strong game in the back court and succeeding in passing Davis frequently. He played a fast, hard game, and in the first set had Davis rather hurried; but, after that, the American, playing a very hard and exceptionally careful game, soon had things his own way. Davis's service was not as superior to Black's as was Whitman's to Gore's. In fact, in the third and fourth sets Black scored considerably more aces on his service than Davis, the

HOLCOMBE WARD DWIGHT F. DAVIS MALCOLM D. WHITMAN



DAVIS AND WARD VS. BLACK AND BARRETT IN THE DOUBLES

INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS AT LONGWOOD, MASS., AUGUST 9



PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. MARE

THE CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB—Owners of yachts calling to pay their respects to the Commodore of the Fleet on board the "Corona" (winner of the Astor Cup for schooners) at Glen Cove, August 6

total for the four sets being Davis 5 aces and Black 7; but Black made two double faults, while Davis only erred in this respect once. Davis won 62 by placing 37 on his opponent's nets, and 40 on his opponent's outs, while Black scored 40 on places, 29 on Davis's nets, and 44 on Davis's outs. Davis won fifteen games off his own service and seven off Black's, while Black won twelve off his own service and only four off Davis's.

The Whitman-Gore match was more one-sided, but had several exciting rallies, especially when both men were playing from the base line and hitting hard from corner to corner. Whitman got in his service splendidly, and crowded Gore with it continually, while he had no trouble in taking the Englishman's. It was not until the third set that Whitman commenced going to the net, as in his few attempts in the earlier sets Gore cleverly passed him. Whitman won 5 aces by service, but made one double fault, while Gore won no service aces and made no double fault. Whitman won 30 by placing, as did also Gore, but Whitman scored on Gore's netting 33 points, and 29 on Gore's outs, while the Englishman scored but 17 on Whitman's nets and 22 on Whitman's outs. Whitman won ten games off his own service and eight off Gore's, while Gore won three on his own and three off Whitman's.

The condition of the grounds was not first class, the rain having made them very slow, and this bothered all four men more or less. It is only fair to say, however, that, outside of the service, this hardly affected the results.

The doubles were decided on Thursday, and were almost

equally one-sided, the results being 6—4, 6—4, 6—4 in favor of Davis and Ward. Black and Barrett were unable to kill the American lobbing, and this was of great assistance to Davis and his partner. Black is the best of the visitors in his work here. Barrett played a steady game and occasionally placed most opportunely.

On Friday, rain once more took a hand in the programme and stopped the Davis-Gore match after Davis had won the first set 9—7, and tied the second set with the score 9—9, and what looked promising for a very interesting match. The Whitman-Black match was abandoned, as the Englishmen were to play at Southampton Saturday. This entire falling through of the last day's play was most unfortunate, as the combination promised to provide two far more interesting contests than those of the first day.

W. A. Larned won the Long Island championship by defeating Stevens, who, by the way, had played his base-line game to perfection, knocking out Wrenn, Allen and Clothier took the doubles over the Hardy brothers, Pacific Coast champions.

The contests for the Narragansett cups furnished some of the most interesting and exciting polo of the season. There was no better day and no greater upset of calculations than that furnished on Wednesday, August 8, when the Dedhams came up against the Freebooters. The final, in

which Westchester won, was better polo, but the day was too much for pleasure. To appreciate the conditions of Wednesday's match one should remember that the Freebooters had been playing as a team only since the opening of the tournament, and people rather doubted their ability to get together and face Dedham. Dedham carried a handicap of 22 and the Freebooters 20, but no sooner was play started than the latter team, with Seward Cary at No. 1, Holmes at No. 2, Kennedy at No. 3 and Wheeler as a back, began such a fast game that Dedham, even with such players as Alan Forbes at No. 1 and Weld at No. 2, were nearly swept away. At the end of the fourth period the picked team had earned fourteen goals to eight by Dedham, to say nothing of their handicap of two more. After such work, it was especially a feather in the cap of Westchester to defeat them in the finals, and it is fair to say that no cups were more handily earned than those which on Saturday might belong to Westchester.

WALTER CAMP

THE ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

AN ANNUAL event of more than passing interest to yachtsmen, particularly to those of the New York Yacht Club, is the August cruise of that famous organization. This year's cruise, which recently ended at Newport, R. I., was a success.

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Racing from port to port in the squadron runs was rendered doubly exciting by the advent of the four new seventy-foot sloops designed by Herreshoff—W. K. Vanderbilt's *Virginia*, Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Rainbow*, August Belmont's *Mineola*, and *Yankee*, owned jointly by Harry Payne Whitney and Herman Duryea.

In order to encourage the sport in this and other classes, Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard—in fact all the flag officers of the club—and several other members offered special prizes to be contested for during the cruise, resulting in keen competition in each day's run.

The rendezvous of the yachts at Glen Cove, preceding the first day's race, was an inspiring sight. Like bees around a hive, the gigs, dories and launches of every yacht in the harbor swarmed about the flagship, the schooner *Corona*, bringing the owners to the first meeting of the cruise, at which they decided where to go and when to start.

Lack of wind spoiled the runs from Huntington Bay to Morris Cove, from there to New London and again to Newport, some of the yachts being unable to finish the latter run until long after midnight. The run from Newport to Vineyard Haven, and the return to Newport on the following day, sailed in steady breezes, furnished excellent racing for all the classes, while the breeze on Astor Cup day, August 13, more than compensated for all the flukes.

One of the pleasing features of the racing of the seventy-footers, and of many of the other yachts, was the fact that their owners often sailed them. In the case of *Rainbow*, for instance, Cornelius Vanderbilt surprised many by the able manner in which he handled his boat, both at the start and in some of the races. *Rainbow* won the run from New London to Newport, and she was a close second in several other events. *Virginia* was also cleverly handled by William K. Vanderbilt, and in the run from New Haven to New London she defeated the entire fleet.

The honors of the cruise as a whole, however, belong to August Belmont's *Mineola*. This peerless craft won the Commodore's Cup off Glen Cove. She also won three of the five squadron runs, and, as a final victory, she won that much-coveted trophy, the Astor Cup for sloops. This year it is a tall, vase-shaped silver cup of nautical design. The one-thousand-dollar gold cup for schooners—the first one ever offered for this event—was captured by *Corona* (formerly the Cup-defender *Colonia*), owned by Lewis Cass Ledyard, commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

A thrash to windward of about twenty-four miles, including the tacks, proved beyond question the present stability of the big boats, and the strength of gear and sails. It was a severe test, and the only accident was the splitting of *Yankee*'s balloon jib-topsail.

There was some disappointment at the small schooner entry. H. F. Lippitt's *Quissetta* made a brave fight against her bigger sister *Corona*, but it is doubtful if any of the others could have sailed a faster race than did *Corona*. Unfortunately, *Constellation* carried away her foretopmast in the run from Vineyard Haven to Newport, and was unable to replace it in time to start in the race.

The boat and launch races in Newport Harbor for the Owl and Gamecock colors brought out a great throng of the cottage colony, who fairly took the Commodore's schooner by storm. The New York Yacht Club cruise for 1900 may, on the whole, be set down as a most successful event.

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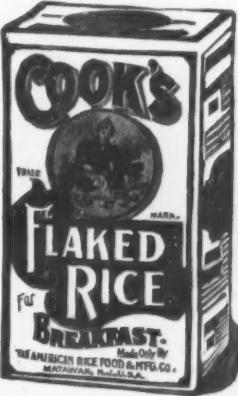
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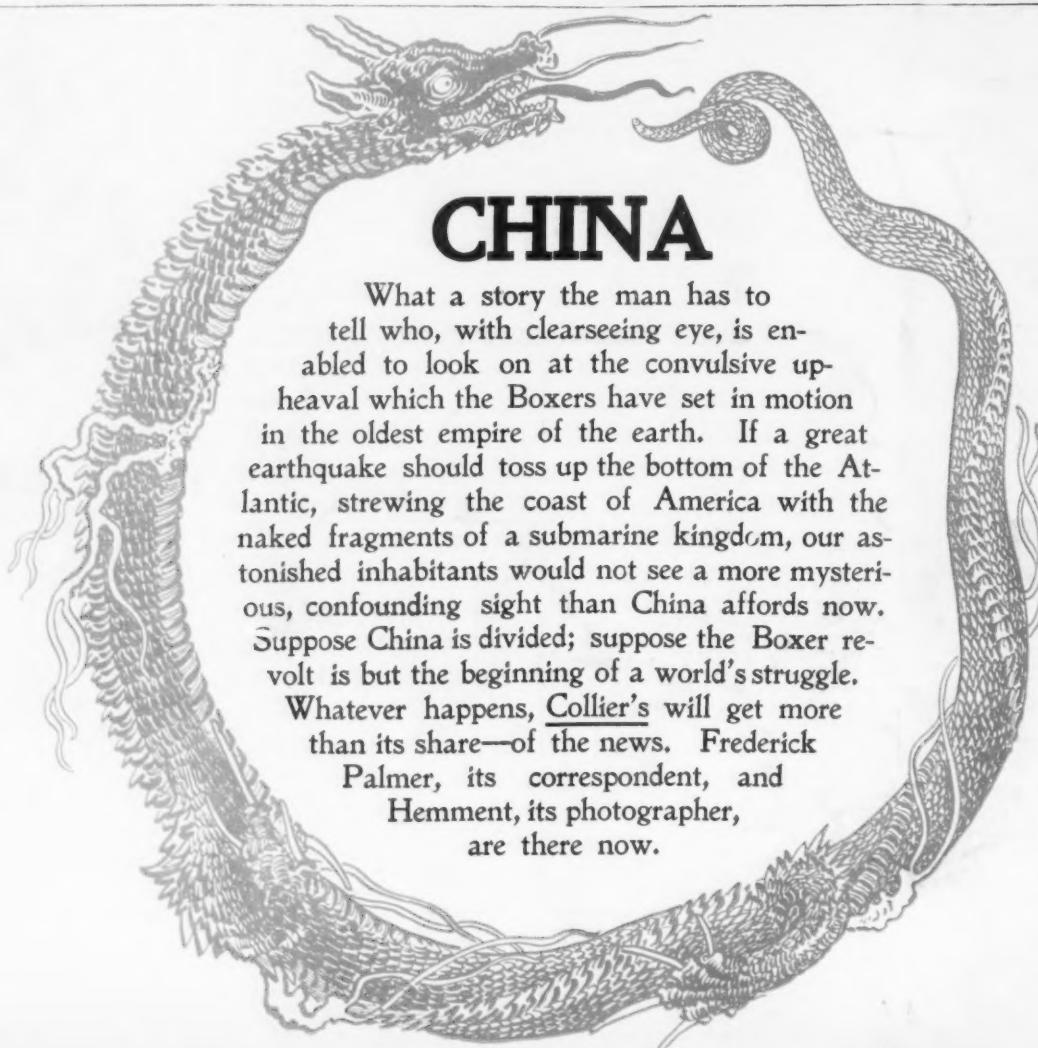
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